TOO MANY WIVES: A New Novel by Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr.

DEC. 4,
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Liberty

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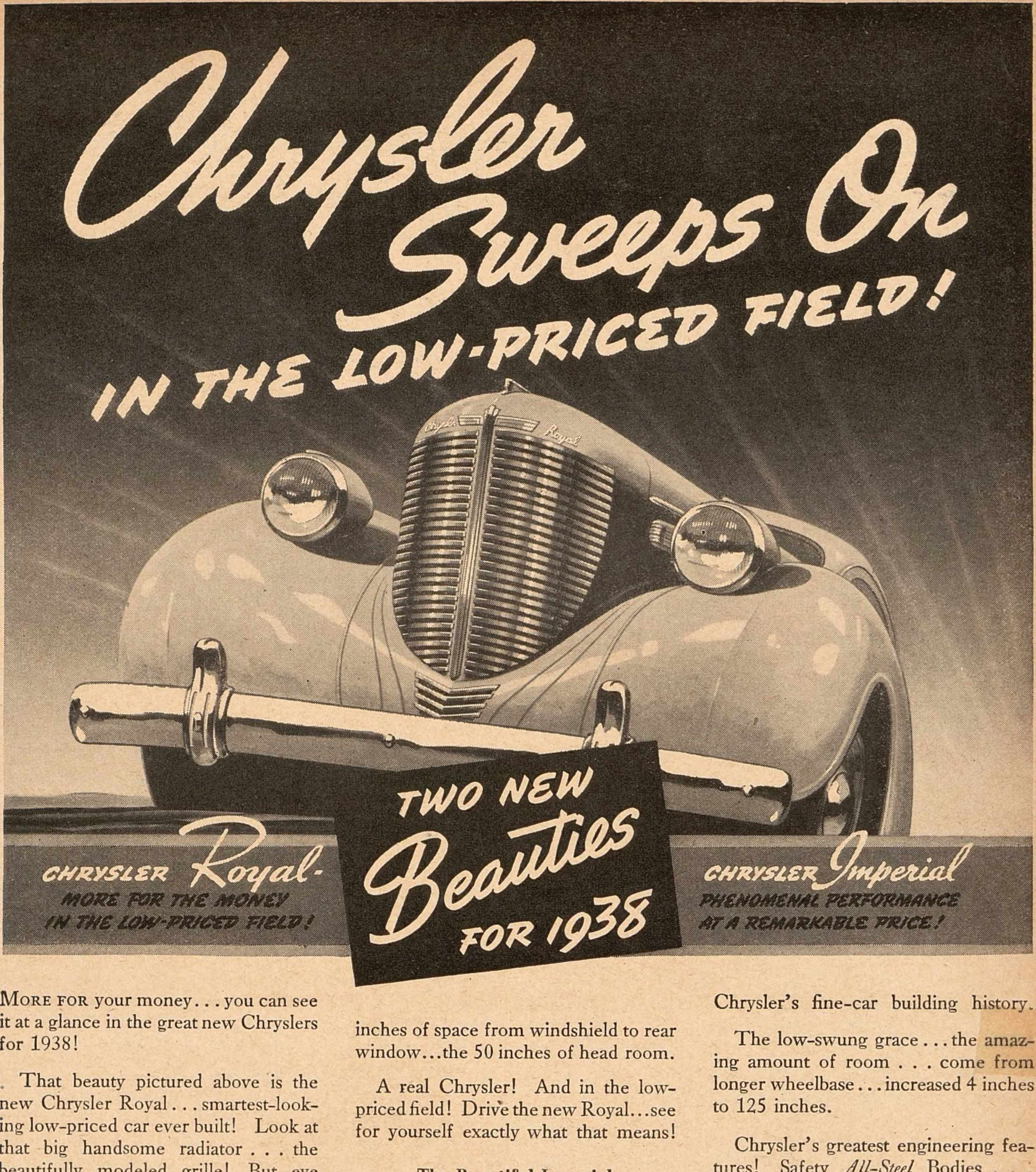
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DECEMBER 4, 1937

Liberty

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EDITOR IN CHIEF

ROBERT S. STAPLES
ART EDITOR

SHOULD THE WORKERS JOIN A UNION?

BERNARR MACFADDEN

THERE are all kinds of unionism . . . good, bad, and indifferent. Unions have ably defended the rights of the workers and to a large extent the high wages they are now receiving are due to union efforts.

But as to whether or not a worker should join a union is a problem that each one should decide for himself. If his status can be improved . . . if he has a chance for higher wages by joining a union . . . it is certainly desirable. If he objects to the associated restrictions and desires his personal freedom, wants to depend on his individual efforts and work alone, then doubtless he will prefer to be a free agent.

When union officials give consideration to the difficulties of a reasonable employer and fully understand that wages must come from the earning power of the business, there is but little chance of belligerence on either side. But when a demand is made for wages far beyond what the business can possibly pay without facing bankruptcy, union domination is often detrimental to the interests of the workers.

Hundreds of business organizations, large and small, have had to discontinue, through bankruptcy or otherwise, because the demand for wages was in excess of what the business could earn. Jobs running into the hundreds of thousands have been lost due to this one cause.

One of the main faults, however, of some unions is that they assume the same attitude toward both friends and foes. Employers who are friendly to labor should be given the consideration which they deserve; but naturally the workers should be encouraged to drive a hard bargain, up to the limit, with their enemies.

Being one of the workers who has climbed from the lowest rung of the ladder, my sympathies are with labor in its efforts, made through unions or otherwise, to raise the standard of living.

But a few years ago I had a personal experience which dramatically presented a serious fault of unionism that I hope some day will be remedied.

I was the publisher of the New York Evening Graphic. We had spent several millions of dollars promoting this paper. A large part of this money represented wages. But when the depression came on we could not continue to assume the associated heavy losses.

The situation was clearly presented to the various unions, and the workers were offered stock for whatever might be deducted from their wages that we might extend the publication of the paper. But after many conferences only a 10-per-cent reduction was allowed, which meant continuance of heavy losses, and the paper was finally discontinued.

When we stopped publishing this paper, nearly five hundred workers lost their jobs. They had made their living in this establishment for seven or eight years, and many of these loyal employees were walking the streets for years, when a reduction ranging from 25 to 30 per cent in their wages would have enabled the paper to continue, and the employees would have had the satisfaction of becoming part owners. Meanwhile they could have maintained themselves with reasonable comfort at the reduced wages during the prolonged depression.

Now, this rigid, immovable attitude on the part of unionism is its most serious defect.

It is already accepted by intelligent executives that the health and happiness of their workers is an asset of great importance, and when union officials and employers can sit down together and work out their problems . . . not for the aggrandizement of either labor leaders or employers but for the benefit of the employees . . . it will indeed be a step in the right direction.

Bernarr Macfadden

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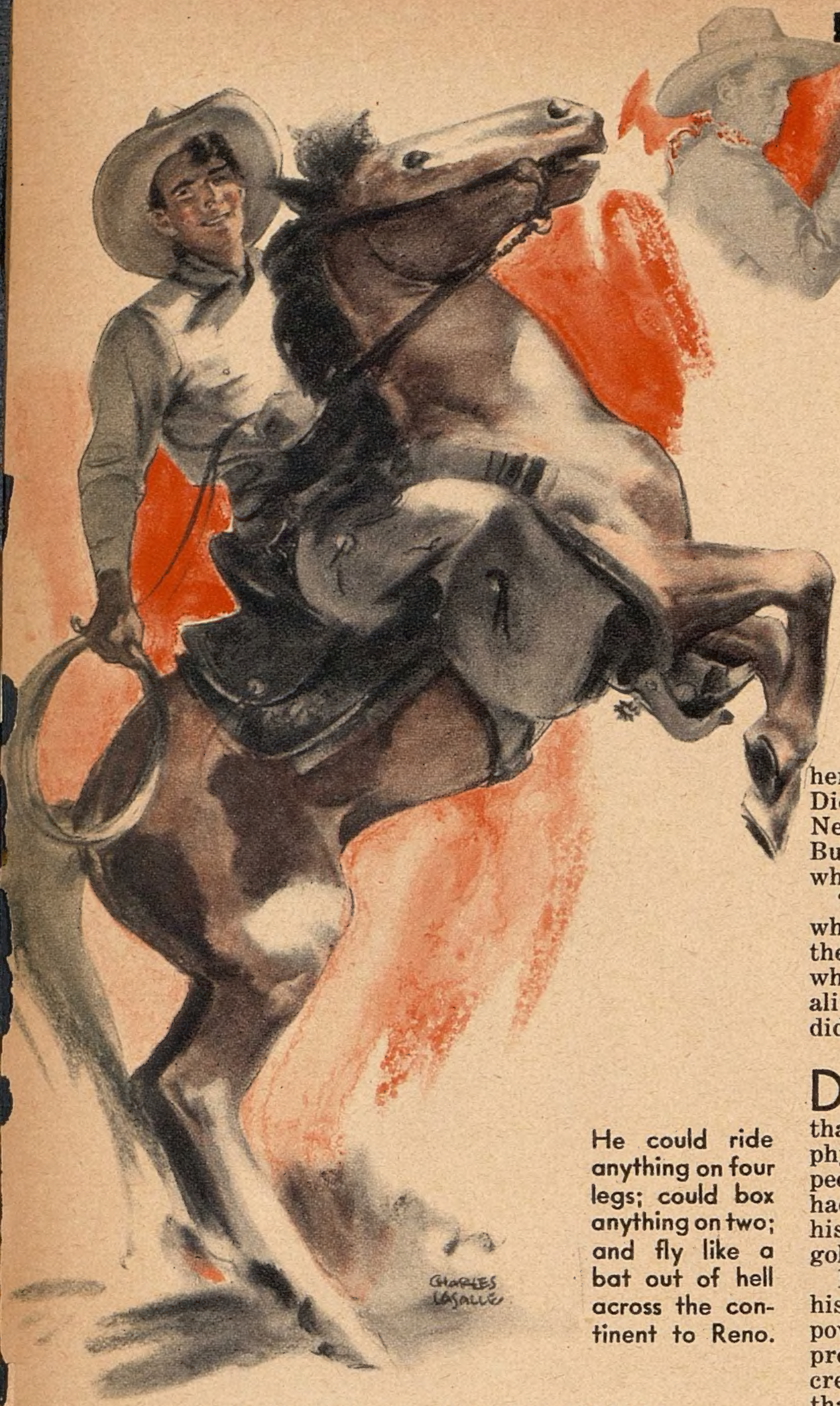
TOO MANY

Beginning a frank and fascinating novel of today's divorcees and the madcap, elusive thing called love

BY CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, JR.

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES LA SALLE



He could ride anything on four legs; could box anything on two; and fly like a bat out of hell across the continent to Reno.

READING TIME ● 20 MINUTES 9 SECONDS

PART ONE—THE GIRL WHO GOT UNDER HIS SKIN

THEY said of Dick Lombard that he had had too many wives. Which, he agreed, Lord knows, was true! They said of him it was lucky he had a ranch in Reno. Which was true, too. They also said he was a playboy; ruthless, cruel to women, and—for all his enormous fortune—stingy as hell.

It was natural for Reno folks to talk that way about Dick Lombard, because they all liked his first wife, little Patsy Van Heuten. They felt sorry for her when, after her divorce from the then twenty-year-old millionaire, she returned to her father's ranch, right next to the Lombard acres. It must have been hard for her to run that shabby ramshackle Van Heuten place, KX Ranch, with her old man, after he'd lost his money, half crazy most of the time, and no house servants at first, save a couple of shiftless Indians.

And it must have been hard later on when, riding down to the mailbox on the main road, she'd see the station wagon of Lombardy go tearing by, raising enough Nevada dust to blot out earth and sky in one choking hot yellow fog. And, sitting on her too-large horse, wiping her small tanned face with her bandanna, she'd know that Dick was back, and with him probably a gay party from New York, Palm Beach, Hollywood—the World Outside. But she'd stick her chin up, wheel her horse about, and whistle all the way back to her ranch house.

"Enough to make a cattle thief weep!" the mailman—who had seen her this way once—told his cronies. And they had all launched into vituperation against a man who could live in such style, who was notorious for the alimony that he had to pay his other ex-wives, yet who didn't give this girl—his first and best—one red cent!

DICK LOMBARD at nineteen, when he'd married Patsy Van Heuten, had been six feet tall and hadn't even, at that, reached his full growth. He had been as splendid a physical specimen as a race of hard-riding, clean-living people of the desert had ever turned out. His shoulders had been abnormally wide, his waist and hips slender, his legs long and muscular. His hair had been bright gold and curly—which he hated.

But his face had been so hard and brown and hawklike, his blue eyes so fierce, everything about him so big and powerful, that not even yellow curls could make him a pretty boy. Perhaps the very fact of that golden curly crest had made him act from childhood more ferocious than any one in his gang; made him do everything to live it down. He could ride anything on four legs, could box anything on two, and could shoot a dime off a beer bottle at fifty yards.

As a motherless kid he'd gone to the Los Alamos Ranch School and had learned roughing it along with reading. As a boy—when his father had begun to make his pile—he'd had private tutors, then a couple of years at fashionable St. Mark's in the East. His father's death had brought him back to the ranch in the spring when he was nineteen.

And then—with Harvard on the slate for autumn—had come the summer that did things to him, changed everything. His summer and Patsy's. Patsy whom he'd known all his life as a little tag-along sissy who never did anything well and was scared of her own shadow. But Patsy who had always managed to get under his skin with her scaredness and sweetness. And now a Patsy who had returned from foreign schooling the loveliest and most desirable thing in God's summer world!

That summer! There had never been anything like it! The idyl of Romeo and Juliet was pale beside it! All the great lovers of history were rank amateurs compared with Dick and Patsy. Those two lived and loved and laughed together as Adam and Eve must have done before the apples were ripe!

WIVES

That summer! All the great lovers of history were amateurs compared with Dick and Patsy.

Later, in looking back at his twenty-year-old self and the year of his brief marriage to Patsy, Dick used to marvel and groan. To have had that magic and lose it! The only excuse was that at that time all his development had been physical. Nothing above the chin, he'd tell himself, and curse himself for the fool he'd been.

And, remembering and cursing, he'd get up and stomp out of the New York night club where he'd drunk his party under the table. And he'd taxi to Newark and warm up his plane, and fly like a bat out of hell across the continent to Reno. Reno—where his land and Patsy's still touched.

Or, if he happened to be in San Francisco, taking care of his business interests there—oh, he wasn't all playboy! —he'd suddenly get thinking of the way the sun lay between shadows on the Sierra Nevadas, and the way he and Patsy used to ride for miles and miles with only light and air around them and a lazy morning sky brightening overhead. Neither saying a word, just laughing now and then at each other. Riding until they reached a mountain stream. Jumping from their horses there, peeling off shirts and pants, wading out into water cold as ice and fresh as sunrise. Wading till they got to some brown dark pool with a promise of depth and even greater coldness. And Patsy pulling back, teeth chattering now, and yelling, "Please don't make me dive, Dick! Please—pretty please!" . . . Then the struggle—she was so little when he held her up against his wet chest. . . . "Please, Dick; I'll love you f'rever! Honest!—Oh-h!" . . .

How white her face always looked when it came up, spluttering! How drowned her short dark hair! . . . Sometimes her terror touched him. More often it angered him. "Baby!" he'd jeer. "That's the way I learned!" . . . "Brute!" she'd sputter, after she'd managed with her jerky strokes to reach some rock haven. "Brute! Who cares how you learned! Every one doesn't have to be a Johnny Weissmuller—even if you say so! I'm a lady—I'm a lovely flower! You told me so last night! I don't have to be ath-a-letic! Don't want to be!"

Thinking of those oft-repeated scenes and the terror in her little drowned-looking face, an older Dick would whirl suddenly from the window of his San Francisco skyscraper office, bolt for his garage, and drive like the devil the crooked two hundred and forty miles to Reno.

But, once there, he'd never enter the Van Heuten road. That was something he hadn't done since she had told him she never wanted to see him again—ten years ago.

TEN years!

It didn't seem possible! Ten years almost to the day since that softy writer had come visiting her father. Craig Wendell, the author whose gentleness to Patsy and whose know-it-allness had goaded Dick to heights of cruelty. Wendell, who was small and pale and who limped. Who spoke like an English actor and who had written a best seller and was skyrocketing to fame. The man that he, Dick, had teased Patsy about, then accused her—

"You're off your nut, darling!" she'd exclaim. And "I'm a one-man girl, Dick," she had told him on their last ride—the last happy ride, that is—together. "I may be just a little sissy, but I'll grow up some day. And you may be just a great big bully, but you'll change too. And no matter what we do, you're for me and I'm for you! So don't talk foolishness with your mouth! And don't ever let anything happen to us, Tough Guy—because for each of us there just never could be any one else! God made us that way."

That's what she'd told him, riding under clear skies, through sagebrush touched here and there with colors of bright wild phlox and lupine. And they'd laughed together for sheer joy as they raced along—because life was always going to be like this.

But the next day it had rained—one of Nevada's rare cloudbursts. And Craig Wendell, the writer, had stayed overnight with them, instead of riding the five miles to Van Heuten's KX ranch house.

He'd stayed, talking womanish insinuating stuff in front of the fire that felt good with the storm outside. And his eyes had held Patsy's as they chatted about books. (Patsy knew books from hell to breakfast. She'd had a lot of schooling in France and Switzerland, before her mine-gambling father began to lose his pile. She even kept diaries and wrote poetry and stuff. Her desk was full of it.)

But Dick in those days, in spite of Los Alamos and tutors and St. Mark's, only knew what to do with body muscles and a keen eye. Nothing above the chin in those days! Dumb!

So he'd sat there in the firelight—with the storm outside giving till it hurt. And he'd watched Patsy's eyes sparkle and color come and go in her little heart-shaped face while she talked and listened. He'd watched the writer too. And he'd known that Craig Wendell was thinking more about Patsy than about The Green Bay Tree or Death Comes for the Archbishop!

The room felt close. As though the storm's other self had come in to get warm at the fire.

Dick began pacing restlessly on the great bearskin rug—bear he'd shot and skinned himself. Every time his foot trod on it he could feel the slash of the knife into the hide, and the warm quivering wetness beneath. He walked heavily now, kicking at the great helpless paws with his riding boots. Then, when he could no longer stand the literary chatter that shut him out, he blurted:

"I'll take up books when I'm too feeble to ride or swim or hunt or fight!"

Patsy had laughed, looking at Dick and then at the writer. "My ath-a-lete! He won't admit he's anything else! But he is!"

Apologizing for him! Imagine that!

And the big room where the firelight leaped was getting more confining and smaller all the time—too small, really, to hold so many people.

And Craig Wendell's smooth voice cut in, placating, trying to calm him, Dick, as if he were a kid! The writer who thought he was smart seeing below surfaces! . . . One reason why Dick had always hated writers. They poked and peered and pried with too-bright eyes and bony fingers. Weakies they were, sitting on side lines, watching people who *did* things; then telling on them!

"I've always admired athletes," the writer said. "Never was much of a one—and the war put the final touch on my inability—"

Playing for sympathy! Dick knew! Wanted to be a limping war hero in Patsy's eyes! "Greatest mother of them all," Dick used to call her when she went sloppy over a dead hare or a nest of prairie quail!

"So now," Wendell went on, "I hide behind the sour-grapes attitude—I'm no good at it, therefore it bores me! No, I don't like the great outdoors—too high wind, too hot sunshine, too much physical effort! I like big dim-lighted rooms like this, amiable discussions in the firelight, beautiful women—"

"But not dressed in riding breeches!" Patsy's eyes were dancing. . . . If she agreed with him, thought Dick, he'd wring her neck then and there!

"Beautiful women in anything!" The writer had bowed, waving his hand toward Patsy.

With a sound like a cork exploding from a champagne bottle, Dick had wheeled. "Lucky Patsy *is* in riding breeches!" he'd said. "We always ride before bedtime. . . . Join us? Or are you turning in?"

"Dick! On a night like this?" Now Patsy's face looked the way it did in the pool.

"Made of sugar?" he'd shot at her. And he'd explained to the writer, "Patsy's my sugar baby! Sweet and wobbly! Can't take much, but she'll learn! Lombard women have always been tough! . . . Come on, kid."

She'd gone—wisely or unwisely.

LATER, Dick had never been able to decide, although a thousand times he'd thrashed that scene out, arguing pro and con.

If she'd stayed—young headstrong brute that he had been, he'd have taken it out of her. And therefore in the end it might have amounted to the same thing anyway.

But by going—and by what happened on that wild stupid gallop through the rain-battled night—she had waked all the slumbering chivalry in the soul of the man left miserably back in front of the fire. Waked the love he'd been trying for weeks to keep asleep. . . . Oh, Dick saw it clearly later. And wished that the fate that had let him be blind then had kept him blind! If he could have blamed the loss of Patsy on fate, it might have been easier than having, in all clear-sighted honesty, to blame it solely on himself.

He and Patsy had gone to a fortune teller once in a street fair in Reno. She'd been a powerful old hag. There'd been a light in her eye, an electric touch in her old hand beneath its dirty wrinkles. And, in spite of her hocus-pocus gibberish, there'd been something unforgettable and only too prophetic in her words. . . . Patsy wouldn't tell him what the witch had said to her. She'd come out of the tent a trifle pale. She had laughed, shrugging her slender shoulders.

"I don't believe in such things!" she'd said. "All a bunch of hooey! . . . Why bother with yours? I paid her. Let's go on the merry-go-round. Come on! I adore merry-go-rounds!"

But Dick had insisted on his turn inside the stuffy tent. And ever after wished he hadn't. For out of a chaotic prophecy of wine, wildness, and women, long journeys, letters—a whole silver dollar's worth—the gypsy had given him one phrase that would later hang like words of fire against the black emptiness of his lonely moments:

"Your life will be a night without stars—unless you have the woman you love!"

A night without stars.

Well, that night of his cloudburst ride with Patsy had been a night without stars. And that was the night when he'd lost her. At least, it had been the beginning of the end. Unless you called their very first meeting the beginning of the end, and each moment they had spent together thereafter, their quarrels, their bright reunions. Particularly the hours that he had put in foolishly, cruelly, trying to break and remake her—remake a rare lovely brilliant creature into the tough little playgirl he thought he wanted at the time! God! . . . Yes, every one of their minutes together had been steps on the road to his night without stars!

OF course it was fate that made Patsy's big horse stumble. Dick hadn't placed that rock there in the pitchy road. . . . But had Patsy been on one of the little pintos she loved, instead of on the big roan that he was trying to get her used to, she wouldn't have fallen so far. . . . And if he hadn't forced her to go anyway on that hellish night—she wouldn't have fallen at all!

But he and fate had fixed things! Between them they'd managed such a pitiful mess that not even the devil himself could have added a touch! And not even the devil himself could have ridden horseflesh through rain and blackness as Dick had, to get doctor and a car. First, he'd covered Patsy's tortured, moaning unconsciousness with his coat and shirt. Hadn't even dared move her enough to put anything under her head. Didn't know how much of her was broken. And he wasn't so dumb as to touch her—in case it should be the spine! . . . Thank God for her unconsciousness! Keep her unconscious, God; keep her out until I get back! She mustn't wake up alone there in the rain and the dark!

And his horse's hoofs had beat, "Night-without-stars, night-without-stars—Patsy, Patsy!" And the angry heavens had doubled their efforts and bettered their aim so that this one tiny wretch riding hell-bent for leather beneath them should be the target of all concentrated furies.

Patsy's God on that night kept her unconscious. Kept her out long after Dick and the doctor had reached her.

Only, from the depths of her unknowingness—she cried to Dick when he picked her up—gently—gently—"Please don't make me dive, Dick! Pretty please! I'll love you f'rever!"

"Oh, God!" gasped Dick.

"Steady!" warned the doctor, guiding him and his burden with a flashlight to the car.

Later, out of the nightmare Dick was to remember some pictures of that night more clearly than others. One was Craig Wendell's white face in the light streaming from the flung-open door of the ranch house. The way his pale hair stood up from his damp forehead. The way his hands trembled on the doorjamb. . . . It wasn't only that Craig knew what had happened, because the doctor's wife had telephoned to have things ready. It was as if he had known all evening that this would happen. As if he'd been waiting for it, crouching there by the fire, bony hands locking and unlocking. And Dick, facing him in the doorway, wanted to raise his arm to ward off the expression in the man's eyes—pity!

In the days that followed, Dick was to see that expression—or fancy he saw it—every time he came face to face with Craig. Pity! Deeper than scorn, wider than hatred! Suffocating!

Dick couldn't live with it. Nor with himself those days. Couldn't live with the roads or *(Continued on page 10)*

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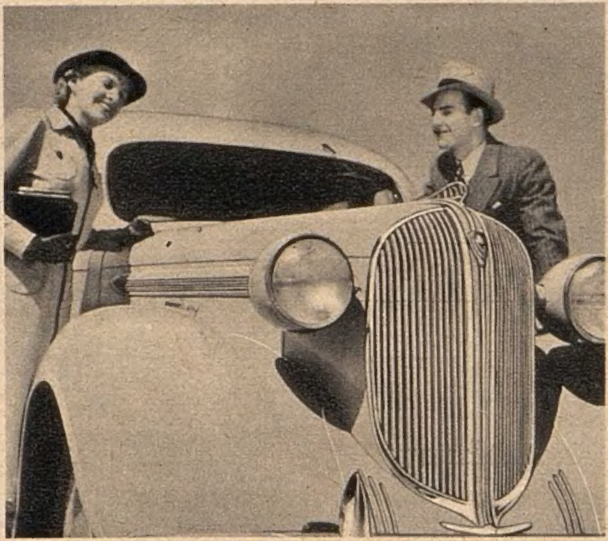

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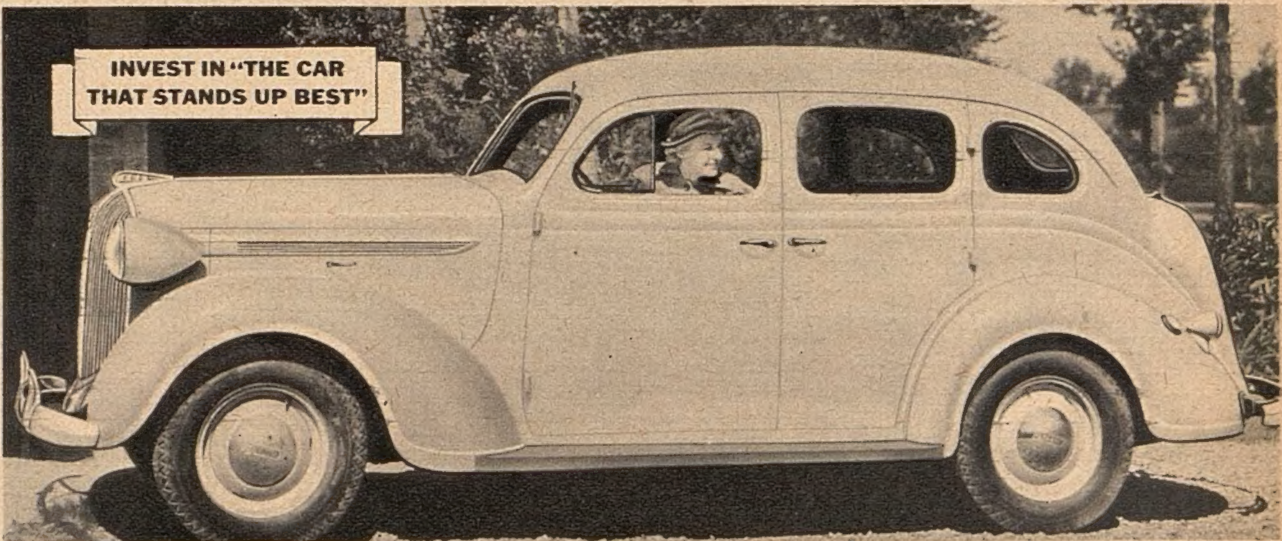

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PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CARS

See the 1938 Plymouth

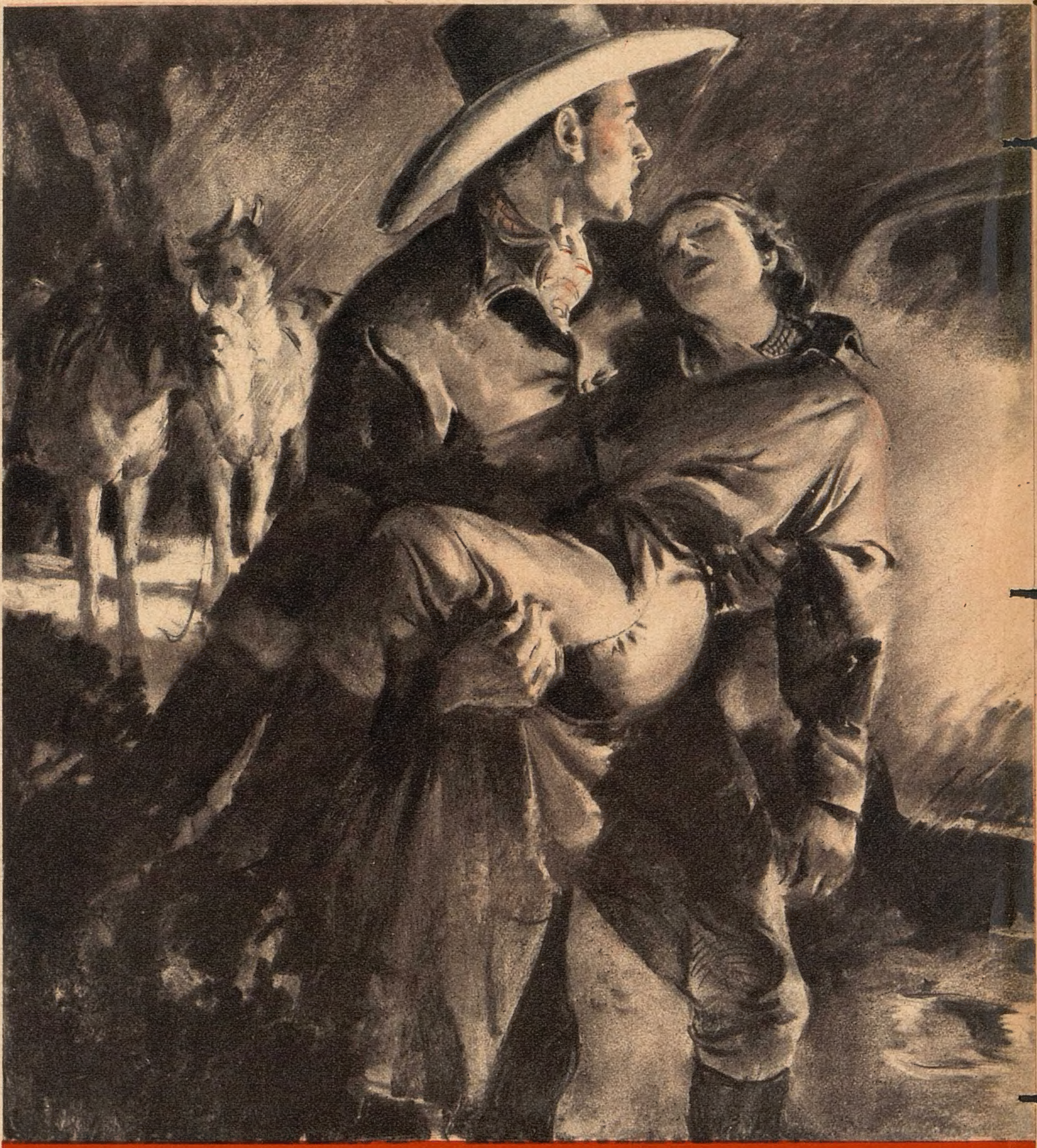
(Continued from page 8) mountains or streams or wind or sun or any of the things that were part of him. He fled from himself through them all. Rode his horses like a madman. With something inside him continuously crying out—as the curlews that fly over the low Sierras cry—a high wild lament of the soul neither in life nor death.

But it was Patsy, not Dick, who was the soul neither in life nor death, lying so still and small on her bed, her dark head looking like a doll's on the white pillow, blue veins showing in her lifeless hands. Yet Patsy suffered less than Dick. Both nature and opiates were kind to her. Whereas on him nature had turned its back. The very mountains seemed to hate him. And the road under his horse's hoofs was a smoking rebuke.

At that time Dick hadn't yet learned much about the semi-release that lies in alcohol. It was otherwise with Craig Wendell. And he and Patsy's father sought it and found it to a degree—making their period of waiting more bearable. Big Peter Van Heuten, who idolized his daughter, and Craig Wendell — who also obviously idolized her.

They sat together for hours either in the library at Lombardy or on the veranda at the KX Ranch, glasses in their hands, resentment for Dick in the eyes of one, pity in the eyes of the other.

And thus life and the battle for it went on in the hushed house, with the quiet sound of the nurse's rubber-soled feet moving efficiently overhead. With neighbors hitching their horses or stopping their cars below the cottonwood windbreak and walking up to the house almost on tiptoe—faces strained, voices lowered.


Patsy's God on that night kept her unconscious. "Steady!" warned

Strangely enough, it wasn't until all danger was past, until it was certain that Patsy would recover completely, that Dick found out he had lost her.

It was in her eyes when she turned them on him for the first time in weeks, there in her room bright with lupine and sunshine. A removal was in her look—and an apology. It was in the tones of her voice—polite voice now, and also apologetic.

"You mustn't tire her," the doctor counseled afterward. "Your visits seem to upset her."

"Perhaps it's because you're so big in the room and so full of life," the nurse said sympathetically. "It often happens like that."

And Dick would go away, never saying what was on the tip of his tongue, nor understanding it then: "Our writer friend doesn't seem to tire her. He reads to her for hours!"

So Dick was half prepared for it when it came, when, after weeks of watching her struggle with the secret that to him was only a secret in that it was as yet unspoken.

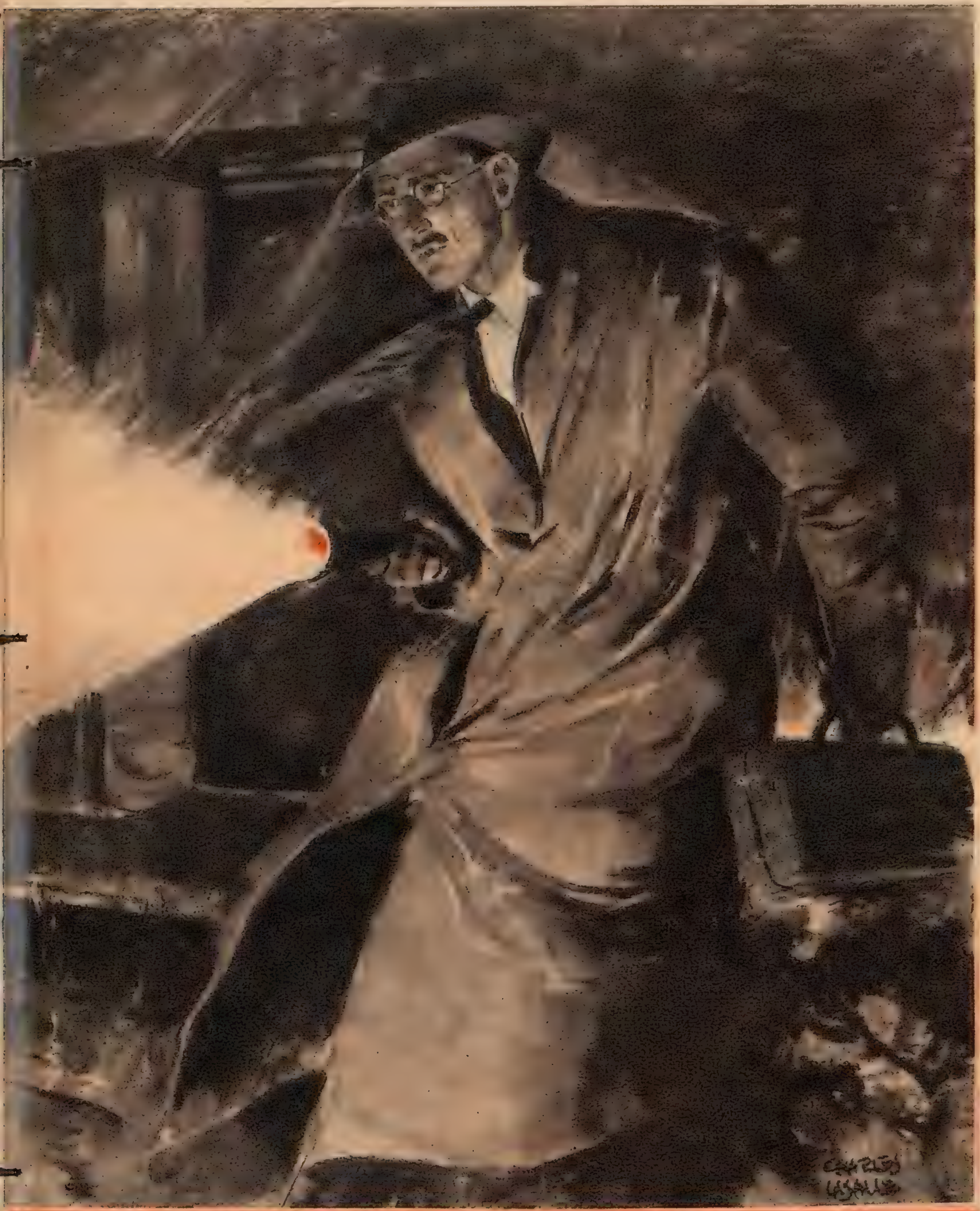
"It wasn't just that night, Dick darling! You must believe me! And it isn't Craig. That you must believe too!" She rested her small hands on his. Her hands that were getting their golden tan back again now that she was out in the sun every day. "It's been finishing ever since it started—our beautiful, unsound love! . . . It isn't that we don't belong—oh, Dick," she turned her head away to hide quick tears, "I can't believe we don't belong! . . . But we're too young. We aren't *people* yet. And I—I never please you! Not as I am now. I'm a sissy; you're a bully.

"Some day I'll grow up, turn into a person. Maybe even the kind of a person you want! I promise to try. . . . But I've got to do it away from you! I wouldn't be anything at all if I stayed with you."

Dick wasn't good at words. They were too little, delicate, swift for him in those days.

He should have known it. Should have followed his natural bent—action.

Maybe it wasn't too late even then. He should have tried it anyway. Used his arms—warm and strong and big enough to pick her up never to let her go. . . But instead, he hesitated.



The doctor, guiding Dick and his burden with a flashlight to the car.

He sat there on the step below her chair like a great tongue-tied fool, fumbling in his tortured mind for the right thing to say. And the fate that had put the rock in the road under the hoofs of Patsy's horse now snatched this vital moment from him. The screen door opened. The nurse breezed out.

" Here's your book, dearie! It had slipped down behind your bed. . . . Oh, good morning, Mr. Lombard. Well, our patient won't need me much longer, will she? "

" No," said Dick thickly.

And the nurse, repulsed by his ungracious manner, retreated into the house.

And then Dick's eyes fell on the book that now lay in Patsy's lap. . . . It could have been by any one of a million authors, or at least a thousand—the combined libraries of Lombardy and KX ranches offered more than that number of readable books. And after all, Craig Wendell had written only four in his whole career. . . . But this had to be one of his.

The sight of his name on the book jacket released Dick's unfortunate tongue. Now at last he found words—too many—and wrong ones. Stupid, cruel, insulting! Words that flayed and pounded—like so many fierce hands shoving an iron gate shut against paradise. . . . Oh, he did a job! The only time he'd ever been eloquent in his life! He was superb! And he beat Patsy down—he made her dive as surely as he'd ever done in the deep brown pool. He left her no breath, no life. And when he was finished, her face looked just as drowned as it ever had in the pool!

TWENTY-YEAR-OLD idiot he'd been! Modern Frankenstein's monster. Nothing above the chin!

Nothing to him then but a giant hulk—still growing—a hulk that took itself from Lombardy that very day. A hulk so dumb that he didn't even go back and ask Patsy if she really meant she never wanted to see him again. . . . It isn't *you* saying that to *me*, Patsy? No, he didn't even go back and ask her that. . . . Instead, he plunged upstairs, threw a few clothes together, and, like a thief—he *was* a thief!—went down the back stairs, through the ranch kitchen. . . . The Filipino boys had stared at him as though he'd been a Chinaman's ghost. . . . Out to the garage. . . . His car—he hadn't owned a plane then, with its tripled speed of escape! . . . Around the back way. . . . and off.

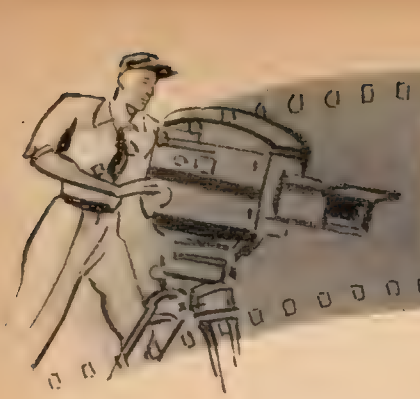
Good-by, Lombardy! . . . Good-by, Reno! But no good-by for Patsy! Hell, no! Just anger there. Resentment. Sense of betrayal! Hell! Did she think he'd believe her! Was he blind? Craig Wendell's smug quiet face! The hours she had let him read to her! . . . " *Your* visits seem to upset your wife, Mr. Lombard! " suggested the doctor. . . . But not Wendell's—oh, no! Not that smooth-spoken rat who'd been gnawing his way to this position ever since he'd first set eyes on Patsy! . . . And *she* trying to say it wasn't Wendell! . . . " We're too young. Not *people* yet! I'm a sissy; you're a bully." . . . How he'd been sold down the river!

Fifty, sixty, seventy, eighty—good car! Nevada dust, hot clear sky, blue heaven.

Good-by, Nevada! . . . Where do we go from here? . . . New York!

Yes, the young fool had gone to New York. New York's a dangerous hunting ground for fools.

On the rebound, what happened to Dick Lombard in New York? With youth, good looks, and money, did he prove himself a bigger fool than ever? And what of little Patsy back home? Was she in love with Craig Wendell? In next week's Liberty this tensely emotional drama of hearts astray will bring you fresh surprises.



Robert Taylor Wants

READING TIME • 7 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

AFTER the recent furor attendant on Robert Taylor's excursion abroad had obviously become one of the worst publicity breaks for any Hollywood star in months, studio officials jiggled worried eyebrows and ordered a survey of his fan mail. They wanted to find out whether the boos and sneers had been representative of public opinion or merely the escaping steam of envious reporters.

Most of the letters were from women, and they were generally conciliatory about the bad press reaction. A dozen or two were from men, however; and Metro buried these messages in the dead of night.

Taylor didn't need to be told what Mr. America had written—he's known from the beginning that men have the same opinion of him as they once had of the late Rudolph Valentino. The difference is that Valentino didn't care a hoot. And Bob does.

Taylor is only too aware of the reason why male voices crackle with resentment when his name is mentioned. He feels that the dislike is based on a kind of universal envy of his position in life.

The other day I passed through the streamlined door of dressing room F at Metro and heard for two hours the case in defense of Robert Taylor, argued by this twenty-four-year-old screen idol himself. He talked honestly, unsentimentally, without asking for sympathy; nevertheless, when he had finished, I knew I had interviewed one of the unhappiest men in Hollywood. I realized the big price Taylor pays for his glory.

"But you can't ask any one to feel sorry for a guy in my spot, even if it's a hot spot," he said to me. "Don't forget, I keep right on in pictures."

"Why do you?" I asked. "If it isn't worth it . . ."

"First the details," interrupted Mr. Taylor, "and then I'll tell you why."

FOR your better understanding of those details, you must picture this young man as he was when first he hit the Big Time—twenty-one years old, fresh from Pomona College in southern California, lately of the small Midwest town of Beatrice, Nebraska. His mental attitude and way of living were like those of millions of other small-college students. He was sophisticated in a youthful way, but not to a degree; and the sum of one dollar was of importance to him.

Then he took a screen test and landed a contract at thirty-five dollars a week with M-G-M. That's no roll for high life, but Arlington Brugh—now Robert Taylor by order of his studio—began to investigate Glamour on a small local Los Angeles scale.

A perfect partner for his nightly excursions was a lovely young girl named Irene Hervey, also new to Hollywood and to M-G-M. The publicity department plugged their friendship, called it Romance with a capital. It wasn't the press boys' fault that these two youngsters found a sentimental implication in every wailing saxophone's melody, or that they finally came to believe what they read about themselves. Nor was it the result of any one's personal malignancy that eventually publicity was one of the main reasons why they discovered that Romance (spelled in block letters on cheap paper) ceased to have an emotional quotient of any kind.

This was young Arlington Brugh's first indication that being Robert Taylor might have its drawbacks.

The second came after the preview of Magnificent Obsession, and the critics' remarks that this handsome Taylor fellow was an important cinema sensation. Bob decided to go to New York and see something of the chromium-plated metropolis, which he had never visited. On his first day, he was mobbed in the lobby of the Waldorf, his clothes torn to shreds. He left hurriedly, having glimpsed only some crowded sidewalks through a cab window. And he took away with him a new awareness that his personal freedom was a thing of the past.

From the press Bob got a dirtier deal than most of his fellow stars. He was the handsomest leading man since Valentino, and too many male reporters with less striking personal appeal resented his looks.

"Robert Taylor," remarked one reviewer in his comment on a new picture, "is more beautiful than ever." An old photograph was published next to a flattering studio still. "Note," the squib said, "where Mr. Taylor's eyebrows have been plucked and how his hairline has been shaved to create a widow's peak." And there was other printed vitriol, just as pointed.

"That," Bob admitted, "burned me to a crisp. Naturally a guy's hairline changes when he grows up—I've never touched it. And the eyebrows—nuts! If I'd been going to fuss with them I'd have done a good job."

Taylor knew that this was part of the business. He thought he'd get used to it. But he hasn't. Always a little shy, today he is hypersensitive. He is eternally watchful for insincerity in those about him. His personality has suffered, and with it his happiness. He has few intimate friends. The only thing that has saved him has been his great friendship with Barbara Stanwyck. She has made livable months that otherwise would have been long stretches of loneliness—loneliness and hard work.

For his work *is* hard, and carried on under a terrific strain. Immediately after Broadway Melody of 1936 was released, Metro bosses decided that since the public obviously wanted Taylor, they should have Taylor—often. Soon Bob found himself rehearsing for a new story before final scenes in his current picture were finished.

It has been that way, with one or two minor vacation periods, ever since. Which means that Taylor rises six mornings a week at six o'clock, is ready for work at nine, and keeps going until six in the evening. On Sundays he rides at his ranch in the San Fernando valley.

Usually he is in bed by ten. But when he has a morning clear, so he can stay up late the night before, he can't go out and have much fun—at least not in public. Autograph hunters and the curious see to that.

One evening last week at the Hawaiian Paradise I saw two people skulking furtively toward a table behind some potted shrubbery. They were Barbara Stanwyck and Robert Taylor. Each wore a curious expression—their eyes were a little fearful, a little tired. Of course, they didn't dare venture out on the floor to dance.

I LIT another cigarette and said, "The answer any one would have for you at this point is 'So it's tough. But you're being paid for it—plenty!'"

"Ha!" said Mr. Taylor.

. . . . .

Observe his financial situation as it is today, and remember one point: whereas an ordinary man has at least two thirds of his life in which to make his living, the Hollywood actor, with few exceptions, must make enough in five to seven years to last him always.

Granting that Taylor's salary is among the ten highest in Hollywood, consider his expense sheet.

Income and property taxes take more than 50 per cent of what he makes; his agent gets 10 per cent; his manager about 4. He pays a lawyer 2 per cent for a retaining fee; and his hobby, horses—he'd go stark mad from the strain of his work if he didn't have a hobby—costs him another 2 per cent.

Men to Like Him, BUT—

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST EPSTEIN

His studio demands that he dress well on and off the screen. Taylor's wardrobe is conservative; it comes to slightly less than 1 per cent of his income.

Then there are living expenses. If you're a star, you live as befits your station or you're labeled an eccentric. Taylor lives simply, considering his position. But it costs him 15 per cent of what he earns. At least half of this can be chalked up to gifts to friends and to his mother.

We may as well be foolishly optimistic and allow him to save about 20 per cent of that mint he's going to make under his present contract. If for the rest of his life his capital pays him 6 per cent, he will have an income about as large as that made by a mildly successful physician or dentist. No more.

That isn't so bad, nevertheless, when you consider that he need never work again. But he pays for it.

The seven fat years must be a period of such inhuman work as any average citizen would balk at. The most important decade of his life—the twenties—must be a madhouse; he must live, physically and emotionally, in a glass case, like a side-show freak. And at the end he must face the future as a has-been. He must adjust his mode of living to fit a moderate income, after having formed the habit of spending thousands yearly.

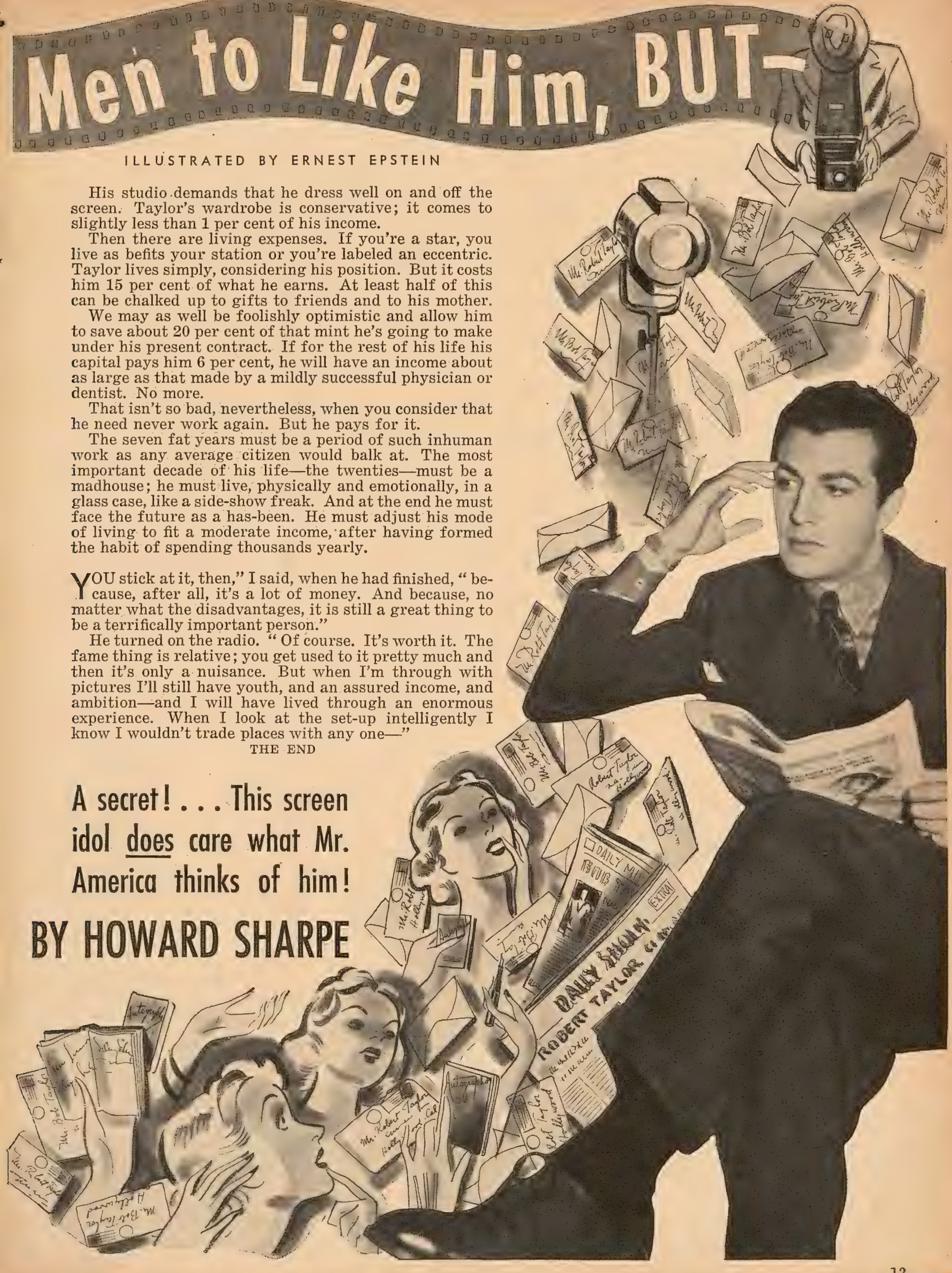
YOU stick at it, then," I said, when he had finished, "because, after all, it's a lot of money. And because, no matter what the disadvantages, it is still a great thing to be a terrifically important person."

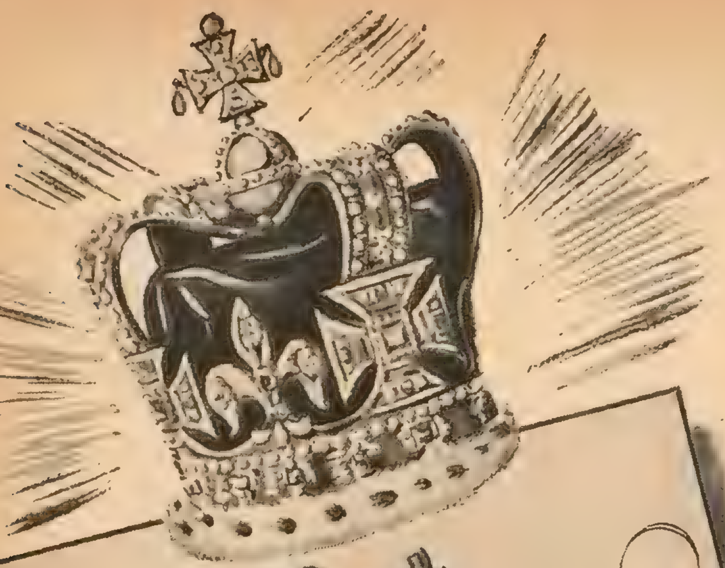
He turned on the radio. "Of course. It's worth it. The fame thing is relative; you get used to it pretty much and then it's only a nuisance. But when I'm through with pictures I'll still have youth, and an assured income, and ambition—and I will have lived through an enormous experience. When I look at the set-up intelligently I know I wouldn't trade places with any one—"

THE END

A secret! . . . This screen idol does care what Mr. America thinks of him!

BY HOWARD SHARPE





Not Officially Invited

READING TIME

20 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

OF course it's only a rumor, and the chances are there isn't a spark of truth in it. Still, the fact remains that some person of authority vouched for the good character of Rhys Williams, for he certainly is on the Metropolitan Police Force, and as handsome a London "bobby" as you'll find.

Delicately I questioned one of the junior officials of the Air Ministry. He definitely stated that, except for keeping the usual commercial and *passenger lines* open, there wasn't a plane in the sky that day other than the Royal Air Force patrol.

Now, there are just three people in London who could give the truth or the lie to the rumor. I tackled them in turn. Policeman R. Williams, the principal, flatly denied it. His pretty young wife remained silent, a smile in her lovely brown eyes. Sir Radley Tolvering contented himself with the enigmatic statement:

"I have nothing to say."

That leaves the rumor standing, precariously, all on its own. And that rumor, coaxed—with the aid of a few beers—out of a Scotland Yard friend of mine, works up into something like this:

He was one of the millions not officially invited, and he stood on the edge of the crowd on East Carriage Road, not far from Hyde Park Corner.

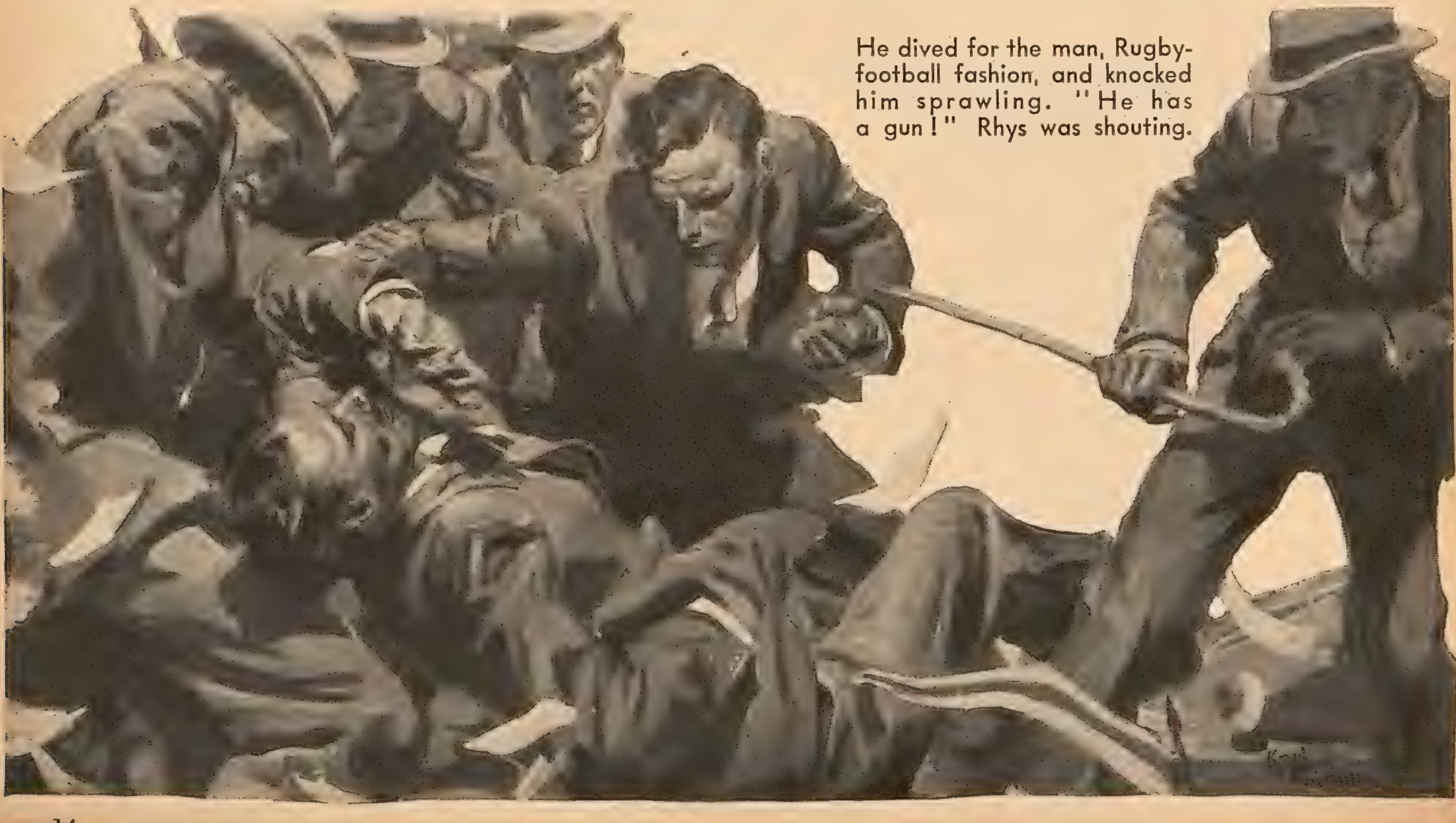
Rhys Williams of Pontypridd, Wales, the sheen of a raven's wing in his hair, good looks—and rancor—in his dark Welsh face, had come to this spot in the hope of seeing a certain girl again.

Six days previously he had stood here before. Then a pre-Coronation procession had passed by. Then he had withheld his shout of "What about the unemployed?" Then there had been a young girl in front of him, a pretty girl with soft brown hair, olive-satin skin inviting kisses to a rounded throat. In her place today was a hirsute, stocky individual in his thirties.

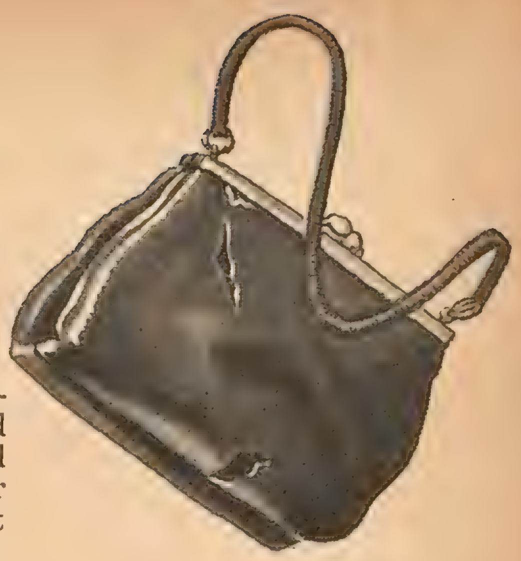
A quickening tension ran through the crowd. Marble Arch way an increasing roar went up, traveling in an ever-approaching wave. Rhys Williams suddenly felt transported, lifted on the incalculable shoulders of his country. This was a manifestation of the greatness of the British Empire, and he was a part of that Empire. For the first time in his life Rhys Williams felt within him a new and tremendous pride.

The brilliant nobles passed by. The scarlet uniforms, the blues, the cloths of gold, the flash of jewels floated on as in some fairy dream.

Rhys Williams found himself cheering like a fool. Emptied of all resentment, his heart was choked up with



He dived for the man, Rugby-football fashion, and knocked him sprawling. "He has a gun!" Rhys was shouting.



A story to stir the imagination—of two hearts in Coronation-time and a man who wasn't supposed to be there

BY LLEWELLYN HUGHES

ILLUSTRATED BY KARL GODWIN

a curious emotion. Here were *his* King and Queen! It was his inherited duty to honor and protect them, and, through the symbol of them, the British Empire. His two brothers, resting near Ypres, had done that. . . .

Something about the man in front of him claimed his attention. To his horror, he watched the man's hand go spasmodically into his coat pocket, grip something there. And this, added to the grimness of the swarthy face, to his closed mouth and nonparticipation in the cheering, plunged Rhys into instant action.

He dived for the man, Rugby-football fashion, and knocked him sprawling. Such was the pandemonium, the rapt attention on the passing King and Queen, that only a few persons noticed the struggle.

In an instant men ran in and hauled both Rhys and the would-be assassin to the clear, frantic people now making way for them in a fanlike backward surge.

"He has a gun in his pocket!" Rhys was shouting.

The men—Scotland Yard detectives—forced their captives into a closed car and sped away.

At the "Yard" Rhys was made to look very foolish indeed. In the Englishman's right-hand pocket all they discovered was a bulldog pipe!

He had, the Englishman loudly protested, been so stirred by the passing state coach that in his excitement he had gripped his pipe. He'd have damages for this dastardly insult! An outrage, that's what it was!

After the outraged Englishman had cooled down a little and departed, no less an important personage than Sir Radley Tolvering, head of Scotland Yard, sent for Rhys Williams.

"You're an upstanding lad. I hear you walked all the way from Wales to be present at the Coronation."

"Yes, sir."

"In London a week, I understand?"

"Yes, sir."

"How old are you, Williams?"

"Twenty-six, sir."

"Employed here?"

"No, sir."

"What did you do in Wales?"

"Coal miner, sir. But the collieries are closed down."

"Living on the dole?"

"No, sir. I want work, not charity."

Quick gray eyes were appraising him. "How would you like to be a member of the Metropolitan Police Force?"

"I'd be proud, sir—very proud indeed!"

"Perhaps something can be arranged along that line. If you can pass the physical and mental tests I don't see why you shouldn't wear the blue. You'll have to get some one to vouch for you, some person whose word we can trust."

There was, Rhys Williams thought, no such person in his life. And then he suddenly remembered one acquaintance he had made since coming to London. One day, on the Mall, he had seen an elderly white-haired man crossing the street as a motorcar came tearing around a corner. In a second Rhys made a dive for the man, the force of his charge carrying both of them clear of the car's path and hurling them against the curbing.

A crowd collected, and it was several minutes before the old gentleman opened his pained eyes. By this time London bobbies were on the scene; but they were not needed, General Farquher-Rollins informed them, except to add their praises to his for a plucky if somewhat vigorous rescue.

From his pocketbook the general took a crisp five-pound note. This and his card he tendered to Rhys Williams, asking his name and making a few inquiries about him.

"If ever, at any time, I can be of assistance to you, don't hesitate to call on me. Now, if you'll help me climb in that taxicab, I'll be further indebted to you."

So Rhys said to Sir Radley, "I believe, sir, there may be a person here who might vouch for me."

"Splendid. Report to me as soon as you can."

On the way out, Detective-Sergeant Waters called Rhys to his desk. On it was a woman's purse.

"Where did you get this, Williams?"

As Rhys stared at it his face slowly reddened. Unknown to him, the purse had been taken from his pocket when they searched him.

"I—I found it, sir. On the street."

Detective-Sergeant Waters emptied its contents. Ten shillings in silver, a few pennies, and a folded piece of paper. Rhys Williams knew well what was written on that paper in a thin scrawl:

> To Whom It May Concern: Betty Maples has worked for me two years. I am discharging her only because my health forces me to leave London. She is a good girl, a very good housemaid, honest and reliable.
>
> MRS. HENRY SMITH.

The detective was looking at him. "Ever seen this Betty Maples?"

"I've been searching for her ever since I found the purse. There's no such name in the directory. And there are thousands of Henry Smiths. I'd like to leave the purse with you, sir, to return to her."

Detective-Sergeant Waters looked long and closely, and said, "I'm afraid it isn't the job of Scotland Yard to trace her." He replaced the money and the testimonial in the purse and pushed it across to Rhys.

Clear of Scotland Yard, Rhys wiped the perspiration from his forehead. Then he took a card from his waistcoat pocket and studied it.

GENERAL COSMO FARQUHER-
ROLLINS, D. S. O., M. C.
Clubs: United Services
Army and Navy

It was not until eight o'clock that he presented himself at the United Services Club. A uniformed flunkey condescended to listen to him, and took the general's card.

"General Farquher-Rollins," the flunkey told him, "passed away three days ago. He was knocked down in the street and died of internal injuries."

Rhys Williams' heart sank within him. The pealing of bells, the joyful shouts and cheers were on the instant a mocking requiem.

He wandered with the crowd. And suddenly a face arrested his attention. The oval, thinned face of Betty Maples!

She was dressed differently. No longer was the fur neckpiece about her soft young throat. She looked woefully pale, bedraggled. Her lusterless eyes, formerly so clearly brown, were lifeless and tired; and in them—Rhys Williams was stricken on the thought—was a look of hunger.

For a long time it was physically impossible to reach her. Finally he managed to get closer. In the end he wedged his body between her and some railings.

"You'd better let me help you," he said breathlessly, giving her a friendly smile. "I was afraid you'd get crushed against these railings."

Unhappy eyes searched his intently. "Thank you. My toes," she said. "They're trampled flat."

She was thrown violently against him, bumping her head against his chest.

"Let's get out of here," he said savagely.

After half an hour's battle he managed to pilot her into the Underground Railway at Piccadilly Circus. They squeezed into the first train, and got out at Victoria Station. Here the crowds were less dense, although a continual roar, ceaseless as the roar of the sea, came from Buckingham Palace way.

They found a table in a small restaurant. By this time they had exchanged names. Betty ate three slices of bread and butter before the soup arrived.

"I hope you don't mind," she apologized. "I expect you won't believe me, but this is my first meal for two days."

The wistful smile accompanying that statement tortured him.

"Down on your luck?"

Tears came to her eyes, and her hand was quivering as she picked up a few crumbs from the table. "Yes—v-very," she murmured. And now Rhys Williams' throat closed tight and he couldn't say another word.

Ultimately the warmth, the food, brought a little color to her cheeks. Rhys, dreading the moment when he must produce her purse, tried to pave the way for it by lightening her spirit.

"Well," he joked forcibly, "I suppose you were officially invited to the Coronation, like me?"

She played up to this brightly: "Oh, yes. Royal invitation card with gold lettering on it and all."

"I had quite a job lugging the King's crown around before placing it on his head."

Betty Maples found this immensely amusing. Her laughter made her, at once, as pretty as she had been six days previously.

"Let's get away from all this noise," Rhys said.

He paid the bill, and they walked in the direction of St. James' Park. The darkness here was almost a relief from the brilliantly lighted streets. A river fog made the trees ghostly. In the distance the multitudes about Buckingham Palace could be heard shouting: "We want the King! We want the King!"

THEY found a vacant bench and sat down. For some little time neither of them spoke. Rhys Williams' pulse had accelerated.

Nervously he cleared his throat. "You said you were down on your luck. Mind telling me about it?"

"I'd sooner tell you than any one I know. Not that I have many friends. I could almost say I haven't a real friend in the whole of London."

"That's my case, too."

"Do you live in London?" she asked.

"No, my home is in Wales."

For some reason Rhys Williams turned his head. Behind them, on another bench, sat a man, his back toward them. He wore a cap pulled down over his eyes, and an overcoat of rich material.

"Well, like you," she began, "I'm—my father and mother are both gone. I have a married brother living in Bristol, but he never writes to me—hasn't for years." She told him she had been with a Mrs. Smith for two years; told him why her employment had come to an end. Through Mrs. Smith she had secured another maid's job which *was* to have commenced this coming Saturday—

She broke off, her frame shaken by quick little sobs. "Last Thursday—almost a week ago," she managed to say, "I was watching the trial p-procession go by, when—in some way—I lost my p-purse. I had over ten shillings in it, and the testimonial Mrs. Smith had given me.

"It was all I had," she continued brokenly. "And the rent for my room was due. I told Mrs. Lennert about it, and she was willing to let me stay on until I got my new job. But I didn't have any m-money for f-food."

Listening to her anguish, Rhys Williams utterly despised himself.

"I went to one or two places where they served free meals. I sold my fur scarf at a second-hand shop. They only gave me a s-shilling for it. And yesterday—something dreadful happened—and a policeman took my name and address—" Betty Maples covered her face with her hands and wept.

"Took your name? What for?"

"He said it was soliciting. But it wasn't. A man spoke to me, asked me to go with him. I said no at first. I didn't know what I was doing. I was so hungry, I was almost willing to do anything. And now," she sobbed, "they won't want me for a housemaid any more. And when Mrs. Lennert gets to know, why, of course I'll have to leave—"

Rhys Williams shriveled inwardly. He got to his feet. Betty Maples rose too.

DON'T leave me," she begged. "Please don't go away! I swear I did nothing wrong. You're the only friend I've got—and if you leave me I don't know what I may do—"

He put tensed arms around her. "All your misfortunes—this week—have been—my fault. You lost your purse that day because *I took it—stole it.* That's why I fought to reach your side this evening. I've been trying to find you ever since that day. I can't tell you how I felt when I opened your purse and—" He swallowed painfully. "I thought you were rich, a swell. I had, still have, a grudge against certain people—" He stopped abruptly. "Let's sit down again."

For a long while both remained silent, motionless. The acclamation around Buckingham Palace died down, leaving a hush that was equally terrifying.

Rhys Williams laid something in her lap. "Here it is," he said. "Just as it was. It won't make up for what you've suffered, will it?"

With palsied fingers Betty Maples opened the purse, felt inside it.

"I didn't think you were a pickpocket," she cried softly.

"I'm not. I still don't know whatever made me do it. Never did a thing like that before. I saw it lying on the ground by your feet. I bent down to pick it up, return it to you. But I didn't. I was in your shoes then," he tried to explain. "I'd walked all the way from Wales. I hadn't a single penny piece in my pockets. I was hungry. Embittered, too. Embittered against the class of people who could give me work and wouldn't—the class I thought you belonged to."

"You know different now."

"I knew it when I opened your purse."

"Was that what made you regret it?"

"Made me regret it more than ever, yes. But I was ashamed with myself the moment I sneaked off. Afterwards, your face, the memory of you, burned the shame into me with a red-hot iron."

He told her about his home, his struggles, hardships, poverty; told her of the death of his father, also unemployed, and how it had determined him to come to London in a stupid demand for recognition for himself and his kind back in Wales.

She said, very quietly, "Well—what's done can't—can't be undone."

"No. And it will torture me to the end of my days. I want you to know that."

"Did—did you believe me—when I said I was wrongfully accused—by the policeman?"

"Yes, Betty. And I'll go with you to your landlady—stand by you. I'll get work here—anything—I don't care what it is!" he half shouted. "There's one thing I can do for you: protect you from now on—see that no harm comes to you—if you'll let me."

She said in a tired, still, little voice: "Hold me in your arms again."

Rhys Williams did so, closing his eyes in a vain effort to prevent his tears.

"I f-forgive you about the p-purse, Rhys. I know how you must have felt. I know," she stammered, "because I've been hungry and alone m-myself."

"We'll try to make a go of things together," he resolved; and all at once his former rancor returned. "All this blasted display of wealth and jewels—and here we are, you and I, knocked around, trampled on, ignored."

She clung to him. "Oh, Rhys," she wept, "I'm so glad we—we—know each other—found each other—"

The man he had noticed on the bench behind them moved into view.

"Mind if I sit down for a moment?"

Rhys offered nothing in the way of cordiality. "What's wrong with your own bench?"

"Here it is," he said. "Just as it was."

Their bench was fairly long, and the man sat at the far end of it. Once more the vast concourse of people in front of Buckingham Palace were shouting: "We want the King! We want the King!"

"I suppose you saw the Coronation procession?" the man said.

"Saw all I want of it," Rhys informed him curtly. "Saw it from the far edge of the crowd, where my rank—as one of the unemployed—entitled me."

"I saw it from a greater distance than that," the man commented. "From an airplane."

Betty was now interested. So, for that matter, was Rhys. Aviators held a peculiar fascination for him.

"Later," the man was saying, "we came down; and just a while ago I saw the King and Queen on the palace balcony, also at a great distance, at the far edge of the crowd. For I too am unemployed."

There was kinship in that remark, and Rhys spoke with more tolerance. "I had a job offered me today," he said to Betty, "a grand job—the chance to be a member of the Metropolitan Police Force."

She crept nearer to him, wonderment in her young voice. "Really, Rhys? Really?"

"Yes; but I had to have somebody to vouch for me," he criticized sullenly. "And I don't know a man here to shake my hand, much less vouch for me. Nice fellow, he was, who offered to take me on. Head of Scotland Yard, no less."

"That would be Sir Radley Tolvering," the stranger put in. "It so happens I know him very well."

"You still here?" Rhys objected. "I was hoping you had buzzed off."

"As a matter of fact, I owe you an apology," the man said. "I happened to hear something you said a few moments ago. About wanting work. It's quite possible I may be able to put something in your way."

Rhys stared in his direction. He couldn't see the man's face very clearly.

"I'd be grateful—if you could," he said hopefully.

"I'll write Sir Radley a letter about you, if you'd like me to. In other words, I may be able to vouch for you, if you will kindly tell me your name."

"Rhys Williams."

"A Welshman."

"Yes, from Pontypridd."

"I know it well."

Betty put in her little word: "He walked all the way from there to see the Coronation."

The man half turned to her. "I must also apologize to you. I'm afraid I overheard something you said, too. If you will tell me your name—"

"Betty Maples."

"Thank you. I think you may forget that little matter of the policeman. I'll see to that."

"Oh . . ." She clung to Rhys Williams and pointed down the path. "See those men! They're watching us."

Fifty feet away, three men were vaguely revealed in the creeping fog.

"My friends," the stranger explained. "I'm afraid they're anxious to get going, so I must join them."

But now Rhys didn't want him to go. "Do you really mean all you say—about me and Betty?"

"Every word." The man was slowly walking away. "Good night, and good luck to you both."

They watched him disappear. "A crank, a lunatic," Rhys whispered. "Off his noodle."

Then a voice came out of the fog: "Rhys Williams! Will you please come here for a moment?"

"Don't go," she implored him. "Don't go!"

He steadied her, told her not to be afraid. Then he walked down the path until he came to the man standing a little in advance of his three companions.

"I forgot to offer you my hand. And I should also like to give your friend a memento of the occasion—tell her a little memento of the Coronation." And in Rhys Williams' hand he placed a coin. Then, without further word, he turned, joined the three other men, and was gone.

Back on the bench, Rhys struck a match for Betty to see her gift. It was a golden sovereign, and on its obverse side was the profile of the abdicated King.

Betty stared at it. "Do you think—!"

Rhys peered into the fog in the direction the stranger had vanished. "Couldn't be." He swallowed. "The crowds would have recognized him."

"Perhaps they didn't see him. He said he saw the Coronation from an airplane."

"God!" Rhys Williams breathed, permitting himself to follow the theory a little further. "Came down when it was dark to join the crowd in front of the palace!"

"I'm so thrilled I can scarcely speak."

"Said he knew Sir Radley Tolvering very well." Rhys Williams' heart was pounding. "Didn't look very like him, though. When he came to Wales that time to visit the unemployed, I was as close to him as I was just now—if he really was the—"

"Oh, I'm trembling all over—"

Rhys sprang to his feet. "But if that's who he was," he exulted dubiously, "I'll get that police job."

Betty remained in a daze. "He was always thoughtful of—of people like us. Think of it," she marveled. "He gave up his throne for—for the woman he loves." Her voice was suddenly tremulous with tears. "I . . . I wish some one loved me . . . as much as that . . ."

Rhys Williams raised her from the bench and swept her into his arms.

"You've got him right here," he said, kissing her.

She clung to him and cried with happiness while London swelled the misty night with the thunder of a million voices.

THE END

HOW TO ENJOY A FOOTBALL GAME

BY FRANKLIN P. ADAMS

A wit and philosopher blithely ponders a national pastime and reveals his own recipe for being a contented fan

READING TIME ● 7 MINUTES 37 SECONDS

YOU can have your football games. I'm through. Too much trouble, for one thing. And too vicarious. I'm funny that way. I'd rather play my own tenth-rate—oh, all right, eleventh-rate—tennis than watch Budge pass von Cramm at the net. I'd rather play The Battle Cry of Freedom on my harmonica than listen, all dressed up, to Jascha Heifetz play anything in Carnegie Hall. I don't say that I don't like to see Budge or to hear Heifetz; but if it's a choice, I'll do something I participate in.

That is one of the things the matter with the United States: vicariousness. It's a big subject; it's why people listen to the radio, go to see movies that they may live somebody else's romance, read book reviews instead of books, and go to games that they don't play and never have played. The bigger the crowd and the more they pay for tickets, the more vicarious are the spectators.

They pay most for fight tickets, and fights get big crowds. In 100,000 who see a fight, there is the greatest percentage of nonparticipants; that is, a negligible percentage—what the chemists call a trace—ever even had on a pair of boxing gloves. In a baseball crowd some have played one old cat in their youth, but only a few ever had on a uniform. The baseball and boxing audiences are almost entirely vicarious. Incidentally, a tennis gallery is almost entirely composed of tennis players; a golf crowd is all golf players. The most participating crowd is the gallery that attends pool and billiard matches.

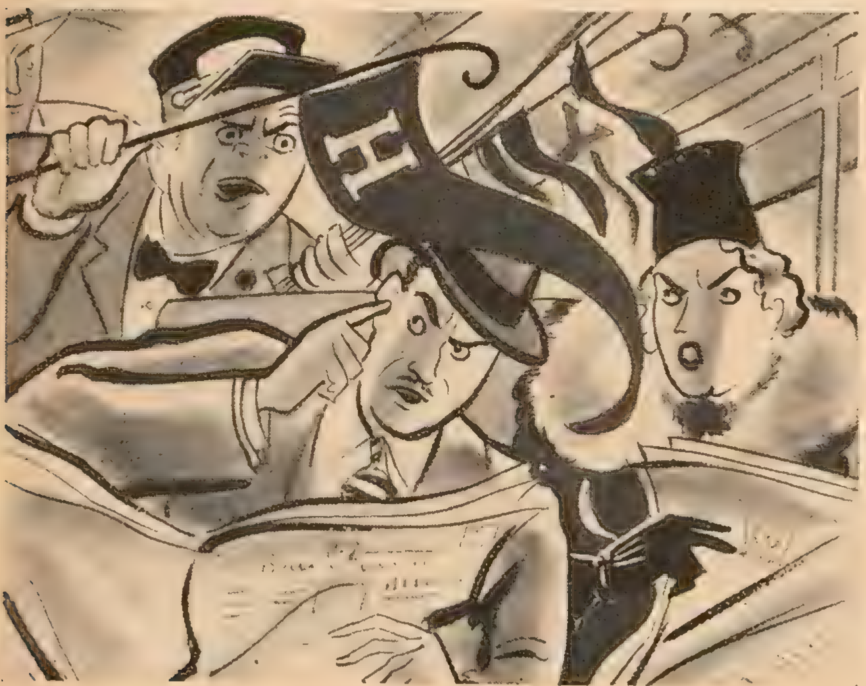
The football crowd, audience, or aggregation of spectators is the worst of the whole vicarious lot. It is true that many of the crowd are alumni of the universities twenty-two of whose students are out there jousting. To a boy playing a game I can see that it makes a big difference—too much, I think—whether his team wins or loses. But what difference does it make to an alumnus? The standard of scholarship may be twice as high at Atwater as at Bingham, to swipe a couple of names from George Ade's The College Widow. Bingham beats Atwater year after year. To hear a Bingham alumnus talk, you would think that he personally made all those tackles and runs—an alumnus from fifty to sixty years of age.

I'm not guessing. I have two brothers-in-law who have been out of Princeton at least thirty-five years. From September to Thanksgiving they have no other thought and no other conversation but football. Take it from their wives, they are at their boringest during the football season. All their talk is last Saturday's game or next Saturday's game. Multiply those two by millions.

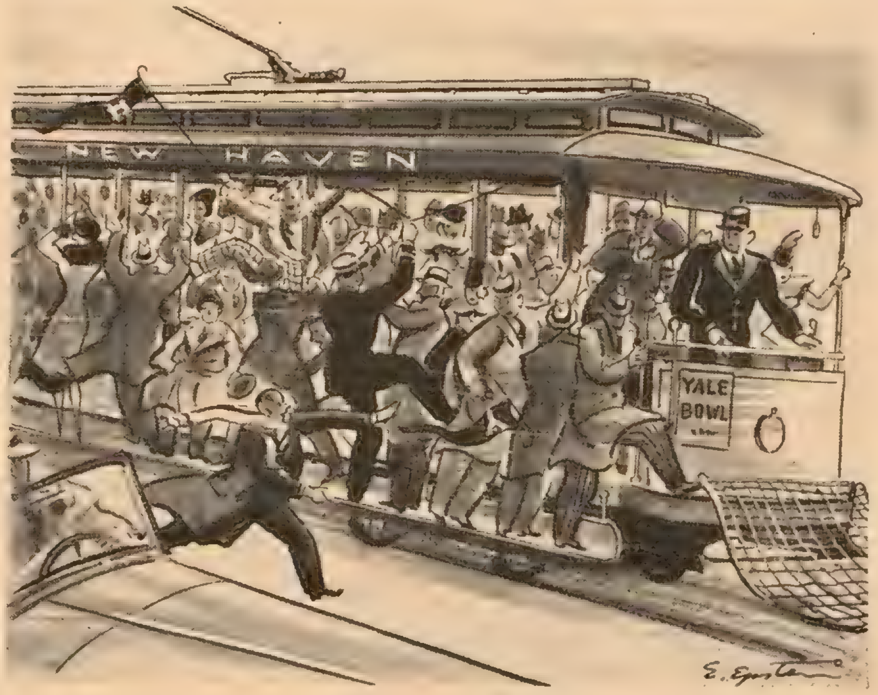
My diagnosis is not that such football fans are just Great Big Boys; they are puerile, they are immature; they are not perennially youthful, they are incurably childish. Do they ever voice their pride, night after night, when or if their college acquires somebody on the faculty? Do they all get together and say, "All together now: Three short cheers for Einstein!"?

Bored though you might be by alumni who replay every game, you don't know punishment until you attend a game with somebody who used to play, particularly on one of the teams contending out there on the field. The only thing comparable to it is going to a play with a lad who designed the scenery. He takes all the fun out of it. You enjoy the play and the acting; this fellow tells you that the desk in the left corner is all wrong, and is ruining the play; it is an 1831 item, and the play's period is 1830. "What an anachronism!" he whispers.

In December, 1932, the night Red Planet opened, I was sitting next to Mr. Lee Simonson, a careful and imaginative artist who had designed the sets, including a beautiful one of Buckingham Palace at night. As the curtain rose, a crowd of laborers was singing Onward, Christian Soldiers. "Know who wrote that?" I whispered. "No," he said. "Sir Arthur Sullivan," was my somewhat pedantic, slightly malicious reply. After the play Simonson said bitterly—he still tells it—"I work months to get a



A nastier voice yells, "Get choah winnink cullahs heah."



On the trolley, the conductor climbs up and down my back.

swell set, go crazy till I get the right lighting, and he asks me who wrote a rotten hymn!"

That's what it is to sit next to the Old Player whose burden is that they don't play it the way they did in 1909, or even in 1935. "What a dumb play!" says the veteran. "He should have gone around right end." Or left tackle. Or the team loses a yard. "No good," he says. "We gave up that 9-12-56 in my year. What a rotten team!" And if his team wins, he'll post-mortem all the way home how if Gazookus had intercepted that pass the score would have been 41 to 0 instead of a disgraceful 34 to 0. If the team loses, it's the system, the coach, the guard who played like a Colonial Dame.

I blame the newspapers as much as the alumni.

About Tuesday you read the ballyhoo. Harvard, spurred by last Saturday's staggering defeat, has a fighting chance against Yale. Thursday one of the Yale stars has galloping rigor mortis and may be out of the game ten days. Saturday morning he is on crutches or in a wheel chair, and that afternoon he plays the Game of His Life. The sporting writers, in their forecasts, say that Yale may win; on the other hand, if Harvard, etc. They are the greatest of the However boys.

Well, by some miracle you have tickets. The papers last night said that all seats had been sold, and that somebody had offered $100 for a pair of the Coveted Pasteboards. Incidentally, I never met anybody who paid more than the printed price of $3.30 or $4.40 for a ticket. Saturday morning is Fair and Warmer, known as Ideal Football Weather for the spectators. You are going from New York to New Haven, and by train—the most favorable conditions. You are ready at ten, and the Little Woman, a prey to Speed Madness, is ready at 10.45. Accoutered with two lap rugs, you board the train at 11.05, and you get seats. The train leaves at 11.20; you settle down to read. Every time you get interested an unpleasantly voiced man comes through the car with "Buy or sell football tickets." And another, with a nastier, louder voice yells, "Get choah winnink cullahs heah." These lads are nuisances. Then somebody comes up to you and says, "You probably don't remember me," and you say yes you do. Well, you may. I don't if I don't. I usually do, because, contrary to tradition, I remember both names and faces. But this old man is somebody who played in the first round of a tennis tournament against me in 1916, he tells me. I have two hot comebacks for that: 1, "Oh, yes, you were the one who beat me." That is a cinch, because I can't remember beating anybody in a tournament. The worst beating I ever got was administered in New Rochelle by Dr. Arthur Warren Waite (6-0, 6-0) the year before he went to the electric chair for arsenic murder of his father-in-law. 2, "You've changed your clothes." Usually he laughs, except once, when I pulled it on the same man twice in a year.

Well, the train pulls into the New Haven station; only three men in our car have been taken drunk, and they are pleasantly, merrily so. We get off, walk under the tracks to the station, and—it is now about one P. M.—try to get a snack, without success. For I am not a boy who enters a crowded restaurant and has a headwaiter rush at me with two fingers raised. Nope. He says, "Nothing just now—" So we get on an open trolley, I standing on the running board, and the conductor climbs up and down my back. At two the Bowl is reached; at 2.10 we find our Portal, near the goal posts. The game is on; no score yet. But there are two alumni behind us complaining loudly. "They make me sick," says one. "Been out twenty-six years and I get these seats! The longer you're out the worse the seats. I suppose in 1950 they'll give me seats in Bridgeport." "Shut up, the play'll all be down here. It's the Harvard goal line this quarter." This goes on during the first half.

The game is no good. It ends Harvard 13, Yale 0. But in the third quarter the sun vanishes; it is raining and snowing. "I wore my good coat, like a fool," says the Little Woman. "This'll ruin it." P. S. It ruined it. The game ended in a concoction half rain, half snow, and a jigger of bitterness, mine about having to get her a new coat or have this one dyed or something, and hers because I didn't tell her to wear the old one. "You wouldn't have done it." "I would." "And then you'd have met somebody on the train, and said to me: 'Me in that old coat! I felt like a fool.' 'That,' I said 'is no coincidence.'"

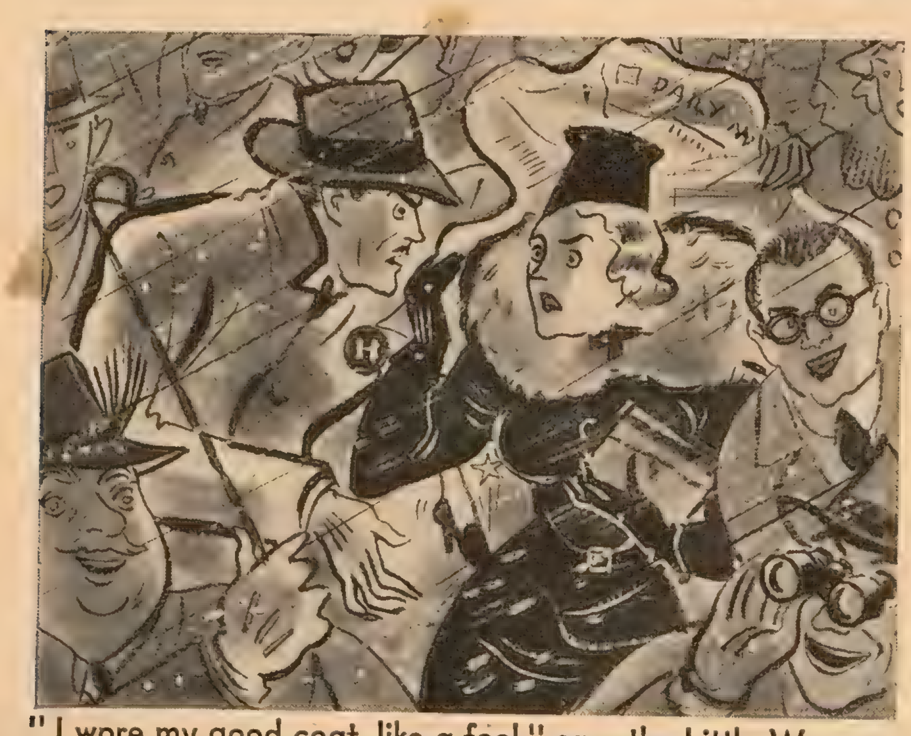
One word led to another before we even got on the station-bound trolley. "Why do you let people crowd you off?" "I can't trample on women," I said; and added, "I mean women I am not wedded to." So, owing to my chivalry, we got the thirtieth car and to the station again. It seemed years since I had seen it in the noon sunshine. I was now wet, chilly, and virtually void of merriment. I loathed the human race, myself leading all the rest.

The train was all right, but every car turned into a smoker. "Please tell that man in front I can't stand that pipe," she said. I tapped him on the shoulder. "The lady doesn't like a pipe," I said. "Well, buddy," he said—he was a pleasant, large, powerful man—"no accounting for tastes. I don't like veal chops." She said that we had both been insulted; I said I thought he was a comical fellow.

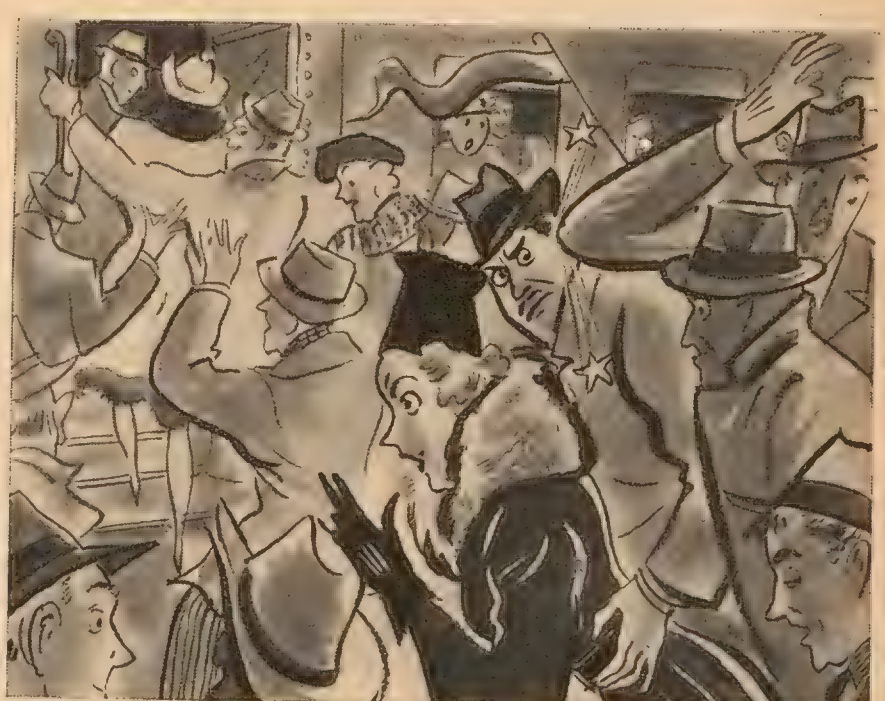
That was our entire conversation for two hours. We arrived home at 7.40, tired, angry, still wet, hungry. "The cook is out, and no dinner will I get," she cooed. So we went to a good place where you can get all you can eat and more than you want to drink for forty-five dollars. First thing I knew it was two o'clock of a Sunday morning.

Football isn't worth the candle to me. This season I'm sleeping of a Saturday morning, having lunch at home, listening to a broadcast of the game I'm most interested in, but lying on a couch near the fireplace, with a stein on the taboret. And at 4.22, when the game is over, there I am, warm and at peace with the universe, no residents of which I have seen for three hours.

THE END



"I wore my good coat, like a fool," says the Little Woman.



I was now wet, chilly, and virtually void of merriment.

Alone Through the Sky,

A challenge to youth—Liberty's daring publisher-pilot gives you the story of eight thrilling hours in the air

BY BERNARR MACFADDEN

Mr. Macfadden a moment before he entered his plane for the take-off.

READING TIME ● 12 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

THIS is the story of an ambition, long near to my heart, accomplished. In my seventieth year I have completed a solo nonstop flight from Floyd Bennett Field, Long Island, to Macfadden-Deauville Hotel, my hotel in Miami Beach, Florida. The distance is 1,200 miles, and I made it in my Stinson plane in eight hours and seven minutes.

Air-line flying time on regularly maintained schedules is eight and one half hours.

My time would have been bettered except that unexpected weather conditions were met with and at times became so hazardous that the outcome was not certain.

My friends told me I could not do it, always to me a challenge. There were questions raised about the extra gasoline supply I carried, and at one time it seemed probable the government would not give permission for the flight.

Aviation with me is a major enthusiasm.

Flying always fascinated me. It has always had an outstanding allurement for boys—and also girls. And as long as youthful spirits are retained boyish enthusiasm is a continuous possession.

One of the Wright brothers visited Chicago at the beginning of the flying era. It was indeed a thrilling experience to see him soar into the air. I will never forget it. And then and there I determined to buy an airplane. But they were scarce at that time—and dangerous. Numerous accidents in which the lives of flyers were sacrificed dampened my flying ambitions.

To fly through the air like a bird inspires and enthuses youthful minds. And youth is not controlled altogether by age. Some people are old at thirty or forty, and in my seventieth year I have the same youthful enthusiasms, the same keen intense reaction to the experiences of life that I had in my twenties.

My first flying experience began in 1928. The Macfadden Publishing Corporation, of which I am the controlling executive, owned nine daily newspapers at that time, and a part of my duties required me to attend the national Democratic and Republican conventions.

My business had required considerable traveling, and to me it had become a monotonous routine. When it is necessary to go places, I want to get there as quickly as possible, and I induced the officials of our corporation to buy an airplane to supply transportation to these two conventions. These trips were my first real flying experience, and they were not free from fear by any means. We are not naturally air-minded. We belong to the land, and several trips were taken before I could sit back and read nonchalantly.

I had concluded, however, that flying was far safer than riding in an automobile. Statistical records had proved this conclusion dependable. Being certain of their accuracy, I was convinced it would be desirable and profitable to accustom myself to flying. And gradually the undue fear of this new mode of travel disappeared, although there is always an acute realization of danger when one is in the air.

But in your first flight you are not by any means as scared as you think you will be. Most people are fearful of great heights . . . to look over the edge of a tall building or a cliff makes them dizzy, and they have the idea that while flying at great heights in a plane the experience will be similar. This is entirely a false impression. The sensation is entirely different.

My first long flight was to Kansas City. An army pilot did the flying. His experience had not been very extensive. At that time governmental regulations required every passenger to wear a parachute. I was flying in one of the first Lockheed planes in which the pilot was closed off from the passengers, and before taking off the pilot informed me if he should open the door and throw his gloves into the cabin, it would be a signal for me to jump. The unpleasantness of the reaction to that advice I can still remember; but I am glad to say there was no occasion for jumping.

I attended the convention in Kansas City at which President Hoover was nominated. Flying to Washington, I was able to congratulate him twenty-four hours ahead of any one else who witnessed his nomination.

The Democratic convention was held at Houston, and I flew to Albany immediately after the nomination of Governor Smith, and after congratulating him was invited to dine with the family in the Governor's mansion.

That was the real beginning of my flying experience.

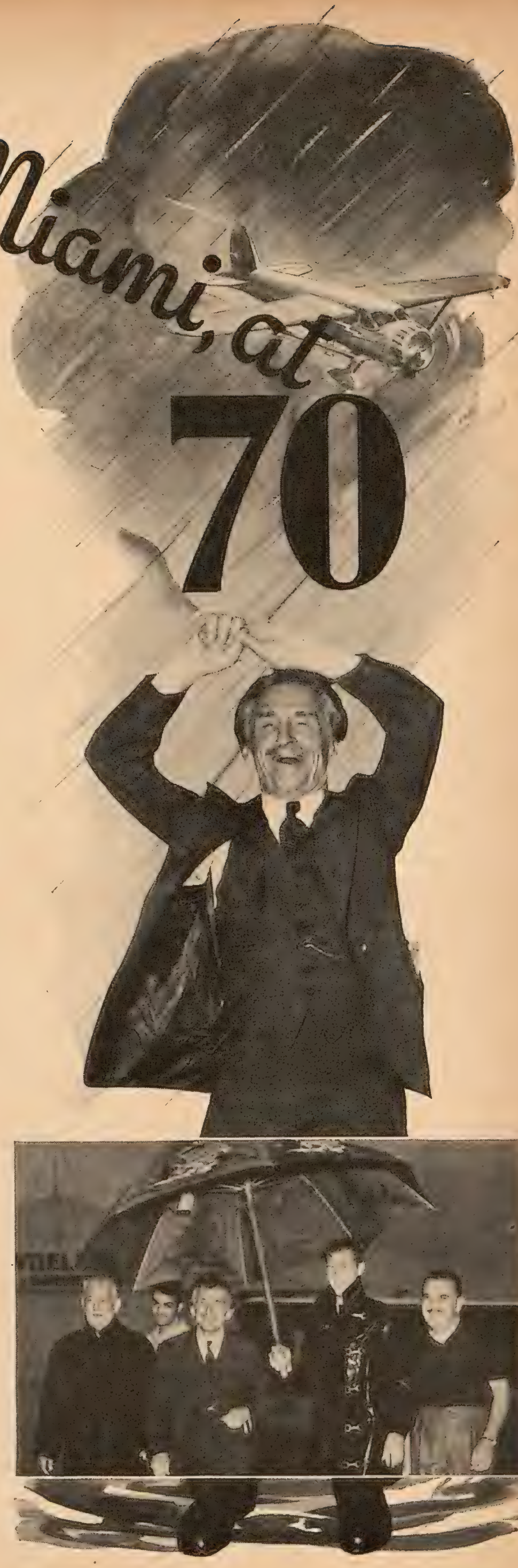
For several years I was satisfied with being an air passenger; but I finally resolved to take some flying lessons with a view to ascertaining whether or not I could do my own flying.

It was quite natural for my teachers to take it for granted I was too old, and they really tried to discourage me. But the lessons only added to my determination. After I had taken several, my teacher apparently decided to try me out. He informed me one day that we would try some tail spins. My knowledge of tail spins was very meager but I told him I would accompany him in anything he considered safe. We strapped on our parachutes and seated ourselves in the plane.

The planes used by teachers have dual control. The same mechanism used by the teacher is also supplied to the student, and during the first few lessons the student can follow every move of the teacher in minute detail. When we had reached the height of about 3,000 feet, the pilot informed me through the speaking tube that he would make the first tail spin . . . that I was to follow his procedure, and that I would be required to make the next one.

He had apparently concluded to give me a rough ex-

New York to Miami, at 70



perience, and a moment thereafter I felt the plane dive and begin to whirl, and we turned with such frightful rapidity that I could feel the blood rushing from one side of my body to the other. For a moment my mind was a blank, but as we came out of the spin my consciousness returned, and then through the speaking tube the words came to me . . . "Now you try one."

I was confused for a moment, but was not to be deterred, and I followed his procedure as nearly as possible, although my tail spin lacked the speed of his. One or two more were attempted, but apparently the result of the experiment was satisfactory, and he was convinced that I was serious in my desire to learn to fly. A few days thereafter I made my first solo flight.

And that is an experience one never forgets. You realize very keenly, when you take off and are soaring into the air all by yourself for the first time, that your life is in your own hands, and that if you fail to retain self-possession death may be the penalty; and I was acutely aware of this responsibility during this first flight.

But after my first landing I was enthusiastically congratulated . . . a satisfying experience indeed.

PREVIOUS to my nonstop flight to Miami my solo-flying record exceeded one thousand hours. I had made twenty-five or more trips back and forth from Florida, and the necessity of coming down for gas every two or three hours was annoying. When purchasing my last plane the installation of gasoline tanks with the largest possible capacity was requested.

In figuring the requirements for a nonstop flight to Florida it was estimated the capacity of the tanks of my new ship—one hundred and thirty gallons—would not be quite sufficient. However, I determined to try. After starting on this first attempt I carefully noted the amount of gas used from time to time, and just before my arrival at Charleston, South Carolina . . . somewhat over halfway to Miami . . . I found the supply would not be sufficient. I therefore landed at Charleston, filled the tanks, and then completed the journey.

Yet the desire to make this nonstop flight would not be subdued. It was estimated that twenty or twenty-five gallons more would be necessary; but, to make sure, a fifty-gallon tank was installed. That increased the gasoline supply to one hundred and eighty gallons, which weighed nearly eleven hundred pounds.

Some difficulty was encountered in licensing the ship. The inspector of the Aviation Division of the Department of Commerce delayed my flight several days. He wanted to be assured that the additional tank was properly installed and that the ship could fly with this additional weight. All these difficulties, however, were finally removed. The ship was licensed and I was ready.

The trip was delayed an additional day due to bad weather, but on September 29 the weather reports indicated reasonably safe flying and arrangements were made to start the flight at seven o'clock that morning.

In order to be sure that the plane would not be over-

His arrival. "I felt like shouting joyously. . . . There was no sense of fatigue. I had never felt better. . . . A huge umbrella was used to escort me from the plane."

loaded, its carrying capacity was tested. We loaded it with one hundred and fifty gallons of gasoline, and no difficulty was encountered in taking off. Twenty gallons more were added and another test flight was made. All the tanks were then filled and, after a delay of a few minutes made necessary by the demands of the photographers and newspapermen, I entered the plane and adjusted my safety belt.

As the plane dashed down the runway it was apparent that the load was about all it could carry; but it slowly left the ground, gaining height gradually, and the start was made on the long lonely journey.

As was indicated by the report, the weather was not especially inviting. The "ceiling" was supposed to be at 1,000 or 1,500 feet, but there were a few floating clouds at a lower level, and I was somewhat confused at the absence of landmarks that could be recognized. But a pilot can always depend on the compass. I knew my direction was westward for a short distance, and I started in that direction, guided by this instrument.

In a short time the Statue of Liberty came in sight, and then Staten Island, and shortly thereafter the Pennsylvania Railroad tracks were sighted, which I determined to follow as far as Trenton.

FLYING by compass is comparatively easy in calm weather, but it is much easier if one can follow a railroad track, a river, or a shore line. When flying by compass one must check landmarks frequently.

It required about twenty-two minutes to fly to Trenton. When leaving this city, the Delaware River was not far to my left and Philadelphia directly ahead.

From Philadelphia I flew by compass to Chesapeake Bay. I followed its shore line to Baltimore.

Poor visibility and low ceiling were still unpleasant while flying to Washington, my next landmark.

From Washington to Richmond I was guided by compass, and from there I flew to Petersburg. From Petersburg to Charleston, South Carolina, was approximately three hundred miles. The weather continued to improve all the way to Charleston, which is but a short distance from the Atlantic coast line.

Several times during my journey I had checked my gasoline supply. The additional gasoline had been stored in a fifty-gallon tank, to make room for which the two rear seats had been removed. This tank was connected with the upper left-wing tanks by a wobble pump, and as I noticed the diminishing supply in the left-wing tanks I began to operate this pump. I was pleased to note on reaching Charleston that I could depend upon an oversupply of gasoline for the remainder of the flight.

It had taken just four hours and forty minutes to fly to Charleston from New York. Leaving Charleston, I decided to follow the shore line all the way to Miami.

Nearing Savannah, I noticed lowering clouds and bad visibility. Before arriving opposite Jacksonville the clouds became so dense that the possibility of being compelled to land was indeed an unpleasant thought.

However, you can follow a shore line comparatively easily with a very low ceiling, and you can fly over the water, thus avoiding the danger in flying over cities.

In order to fly more direct, I guided the ship two or three hundred yards from the shore, and would aim at the jutting landmarks as they came into sight in the dim mist. After leaving Jacksonville behind me I encountered two or three light rainstorms, and a short time thereafter dark dense clouds appeared ahead of me on the shore line, and I pondered on the difficulty of flying through a storm that was doubtless in that locality.

I noticed, however, that a considerable distance inland the clouds were much higher and the visibility better, and I guided the plane away in this direction.

From that time on I had to dodge various storms.

I flew inland for one hundred miles or more before seeing a break in the clouds which would enable me to turn toward the shore again. The visibility then improved considerably until about thirty or forty miles from my destination. Then I encountered heavy rains, low ceiling, and dense clouds. But, being familiar with that section of the country, having flown over it many times, I continued on with confidence.

A few miles this side of Miami, however, the clouds became more dense. That there might be difficulty in locating the airfield was more than a passing thought, notwithstanding my familiarity with the locality.

However, on sighting the bay and shore line of Miami in the mist, I flew in the direction in which I thought the field could be located. I was disappointed. No landmarks were recognizable. I then flew back to the shore line and made another attempt to direct the ship toward the airfield, and was finally able to locate in the dense fog the white runways of the Municipal Airport and Macfadden-Deauville Hotel—my destination.

At sight of that field I felt like shouting joyously. It was indeed a relief after combating the bad weather for the past three or four hundred miles. The long arduous trip was over and the exhilaration will long be remembered. The exquisite delight of worthy achievement! No one can estimate the emotional exaltation of such a stirring experience.

I circled the field, ascertained the direction of the wind, cut off the engine, and made what was said to be a good landing on the water-soaked runway.

And when I learned that Miami had that morning had a record rain of more than six inches, I well understood the bad weather I had been having to combat.

QUITE a number of people had been waiting to receive me. Owing to the weather, the officials were fearful for my safety, and when they finally sighted my plane they were ready with the ambulance and the fire truck, thinking that I was probably exhausted and would not be able to land the plane safely.

The glow of satisfaction at having completed this journey was so stimulating there was practically no sense of fatigue, and in answer to the many inquiries as to how I felt my reply was that I never felt better.

It was raining heavily and a huge umbrella was used to escort me from the plane to the hangar. I then was driven to Macfadden-Deauville.

After noting the time of my departure, the records showed that eight hours and seven minutes had been required for the trip, which was unusually good time for a Stinson plane, in which I was flying. In fact, the time of the regular transport plane which is nonstop from Washington to Miami was but a few minutes less.

I was welcomed most royally by my friends, including the Mayor and the City Manager and other officials. A luncheon was given me next day by the Advertising Club as a special appreciation of my nonstop flight, and was attended by the leading business executives of Miami.

THE END

"Macfadden-Deauville—my destination," as seen from the ocean off Miami Beach.

THIS BUNK ABOUT STUMBLE-BACKS

An Old Coach Answers Scully

BY JAMES L. KNOX

who played football in the early rough-and-tumble type of game for Newton (Massachusetts) High School, and then Harvard, where he later served as a coach and head of the scouting department.

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

MR. FRANK SCULLY—I take definite issue with the conclusions, at least, which you reach in your article in the October 9 issue of Liberty in which you attempt to belittle football.

At the beginning of this century an All-America player who represented one of the larger institutions for four years as a varsity player, and who had been a standout in one of the largest preparatory schools, was the author of an article setting forth the great dangers of the game of football as then played. In his eight years of hard play he had never been injured.

That article was later cited by enemies of the game shortly before Teddy Roosevelt called a meeting at the White House to consider what, if anything, should be done about football. The outcome of that meeting was a series of rule changes which brought into being the present game—one which is undoubtedly safer for the players than the old game. The game was not severely condemned but many of its critics were.

Do you know that for every boy who ever received an injury of any lasting form from the game there are hundreds who would have been killed in accidents of various types but for tricks of self-preservation added to quick and accurate analysis and deduction which were learned on the gridiron? If you doubt that, ask any old player.

In any walk of life almost anything may develop or happen to a few when a million are involved. About a million boys are engaged in playing football every fall. It is not surprising that something or other happens to a limited few of them. Carrying your line of reasoning to a logical conclusion, we should end all forms of human life because something might happen to some of us if allowed to live.

For every young man who has ended up as a drunkard, a t.b. patient, or a batty-house prospect, how many others have attained high rank in the world of commerce, politics, finance, medicine, etc.? You may be sure that the ratio is so far in favor of men who have done much to make this country what it is that your argument against the game would be but a passing zephyr even if the dangers of the game were all that you claim.

I am somewhat inclined to smile whenever any one mentions football and tuberculosis in the same breath. Do you know, Mr. Scully, that in a full-length game the ball is actually in play on an average of twelve minutes of the sixty minutes that the game officially lasts? That is a fact. In an ordinary play all the players on the team with the ball are supposed to have something definite to do; but only about seven of them can be putting forth a supreme effort in any one play. On the defense, only about five. The average play lasts six seconds or less from the time the ball is snapped until the play is finished. Then follows, roughly, eighteen to thirty seconds before the next play starts. During that time various degrees of rest and relaxation are possible. Considering, too, the number of substitutes used, the possible tax on a player's lungs is certainly reduced to a negligible quantity.

Either the boy is unfit to play in the beginning or he will never have t.b. as a result of playing football.

I am afraid that you have more or less completely overlooked the fact that the rules protect the player from many of the things which might lead to the injuries which you are convinced have become common. Players are not permitted to kick each other or even hit each other with the open hand in any manner resembling a prizefighter's blow presumably leading to injury. It is almost never that a player enters a game without a head guard which gives very complete protection to all parts of the head except the face, including the chin. We all know that the blows which leave such serious mental shortcomings in boxing, if long followed as a sport, are blows which land on the boxer's chin. To get hit on the chin in football, the player would practically have to be gawking at some sweetie in the top row of the grandstand.

In my eight years of school and college football, the only time that I got hit on the chin was the result of an accidental blow with the knee of one of my teammates when a scrimmage pile was being untangled. Blows on the chin in football have been as rare as loose diamonds rolling around Fifth Avenue and passed unnoticed.

Many of the victims of mental slipping portrayed in your article may have inherited certain tendencies. When a boy reaches his senior year in high school and is still taking elementary courses only through the connivance of the teaching staff who feel the need of his athletic ability, does it not suggest that he has a brain highly apt to carry him to the psychopathic observation ward at some indefinitely early date, whether he plays football or not? I am sure that you are quite familiar with a few cases of football players who have attained wide public renown whose background follows pretty closely this hypothetical picture.

Let's let a great game like football—more needed now than at any previous time in our country's history to do its share in getting the youth of the nation on the right track mentally, physically, and morally—live its life, and correct the faulty side issues rather than kill the game and have nothing left in its place.

THE END

Sucker BEWARE!

By James Edward Grant

A precious pair of crooks steps into new adventure—Don't miss this lively, engaging tale of racketeers and love!

READING TIME
28 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

NELDA BRYANT, in Chicago to earn her living by her singing, has bad breaks and finally finds herself the partner of Walt Marco in a petty racket. Then one day she and Walt are taken in by Larry Eagan, a confidence man posing as a detective, and Walt lets her down to save his own skin. Larry immediately nicknames her "Dopey Dora" for having trusted Walt. He later invites her to team up with him, but warns her that she must learn to look out for herself because, in a pinch, he will leave her holding the bag if he can.

Their first job is successful. Larry, posing as Captain Hugh Darling, a detective, visits a small-town bank president, A. Edgar Milburn, and tells him that a young lady has been going around cashing phony checks. He shows the banker a picture of Nelda. Later, when Nelda tries to cash a check for $500, Milburn turns her over to the police. The check turns out to be good, and the bank president, to avoid a suit for false arrest, settles for $25,000. Nelda returns to Larry to report, and he asks her how much she got.

"Fifteen thousand dollars," she answers.

PART TWO—LARRY USES HIS HEAD

LARRY roared with laughter. "Dora," he bellowed, "you certainly learned quick. Trying to clip me!" He stopped laughing and told her, "Give me twelve and a half grand. . . . You got the old boy for twenty-five."

She opened her purse and took out fifteen thousand dollars. She counted out twelve thousand five hundred and handed it over without a word.

He recounted it, then pocketed the wad. "Hid the rest, hey?" he chuckled. "Well, this is a howl—you trying to cut me up. I guess there's hope for you yet. It goes to show that a guy's got to watch all the time."

She looked at him over the rim of the glass.

"Larry," she said oddly, "maybe I was on the level with you. Maybe I intended cheating you out of part of your share and then handing it over later. Just to show you there *was* somebody in the world you could trust."

He laughed cheerfully and disbelievingly. "Good thing I had a hunch and played it. Hired a private agency to check the bank clearances. They reported that Milburn cleared a check for cash that day for twenty-five thousand dollars."

She sipped from her glass. She said, "Smart, aren't you?"

"Yes," he said, "I am."

LARRY EAGAN got off the train in Model City. He checked his bag in the waiting room of the handsome little depot. He went down the wide well paved street between two rows of store fronts. He was the only person on the street. He went on past store front after store front and, peering through, he saw no customers. He came to a cigar store, saw a clerk behind the counter, and entered.

The clerk was a watery-eyed man of middle age. "Well, well, well!" he said happily. "Good morning, sir."

"Everybody gone to the fair?" asked Larry.

"No fair near here," said the clerk. "You don't know nothing about Model City, mister?"

"Not a thing," Larry admitted. "What about it? But remember, my train leaves at midnight."

"You've got lots of time," the clerk assured him. "Well, old Morgan Leffingwell took about forty million out of the Comstock Lode. Morgan Leffingwell the Second inherited them millions. By the time he died, in '27, damned if he hadn't just about doubled them. He owned some railroads and a power company and near everything in the state, including the legislature. Then young Morgan Leffingwell the Third come home from school to take charge of things.

"Well, among other things his pa had owned was this whole valley—six hundred miles long and a hundred wide —and twice a year it was under water when the Tularos and the Okapi rivers swelled up. So Third, he got some engineers out here, and they found out you couldn't do a thing for the lower end, but you could dam up the Tularos and deepen the Okapi, and the upper end of the valley would be dry and fertile all year around.

"So Third, he put in them dams and he deepened the Okapi River bed and he made this town on the upper valley. He cut up all them beautiful miles of land into hundred-and-sixty-acre plots, and he went to work on 'em. Then he says to all the people down in the watermarked town of Okapi: 'Folks,' he says, 'I'm sending down trucks, and all you folks come on up and pick out one of these hundred-and-sixty-acre plots with a house on it, and you can all live in Model City, and each one of you will own a share of the stores and run them without no profit, just paying fair wages to the help. And it won't cost a cent to send your kids to the school with glass walls and fancy teachers, because the walls are paid for, and so are the teachers. So just pack up before the next flood and move into your new town!'

"Well, sir, I was there and I'll swear to it. . . . Up speaks a man in the crowd and he says: 'What's these damn-fangled new places going to cost us?'

"Third, he just laughed and he says: 'One dollar. You pay one dollar for the deed to the whole business.' With that he sits down in his car and drives off. I was with him and he chuckled all the way home."

Larry rose. "But where are all the people?"

"People?" ejaculated the clerk. "I just been telling you. . . . Them people never came. Some said it was all a scheme for Third to get richer selling them the power, and some said there was oil or gold under the town of Okapi and Third wanted to get them out so's he could grab all the land and get richer. But I figger them damn-fool people just like the town of Okapi."

MR. MORGAN LEFFINGWELL THE THIRD was a long, skinny young man whose pale blue eyes habitually peered morosely through horn-rimmed glasses. His clothes hung sloppily on his bony frame. His usual expression was that of a little boy who has been falsely chastised and put to bed without his supper. Third had been clipped by every phony promoter of charities, by every dreamer of mad, hopeful, helpless dreams who had ever come down the pike. But his saddest sense of failure came when the water-soaked people of Okapi had suspiciously refused to move into his Model City. When this project had failed, he had gone home and looked for a long time at a painting of his grandfather, that little, jutting-jawed man who was half empire builder and half pirate.

"It's all your fault," he told the portrait. "Everybody has a good time but me. I've got to spend all my time worrying how to get rid of your lousy money."

Third sat now in his office in Model City. Through the window came a raucous cacophony of croaks and caws. Third reached down, took a handful of buckshot from a pail beside his desk, and walked to the window.

Just outside the window was a large chinaberry tree, and roosting noisily in the tree were a couple of hundred crows. They made the air hideous with ugly rasping noise as they dined on the chinaberries.

Third flung his handful of buckshot into the tree and the crows flew away to a little distance and waited. Third knew that as soon as his back was turned they would be back. Damn! Nothing went right for him.

As he speculated thus, his office door opened and Captain Hugh Darling, né Larry Eagan, entered.

He was escorted by Third's confidential clerk, one Jonathan Wilkin, a dried-up man of seventy or so.

"Mr. Leffingwell," said Jonathan, "this is Captain Hugh Darling, a detective."

Third's eyes brightened a little. A detective? Now there was a fellow who must have some fun.

"How do," he said. "Glad to meet you, captain."

Captain Darling nodded curtly and produced a folder on which was the picture of an extremely attractive girl. Below the picture was the legend:

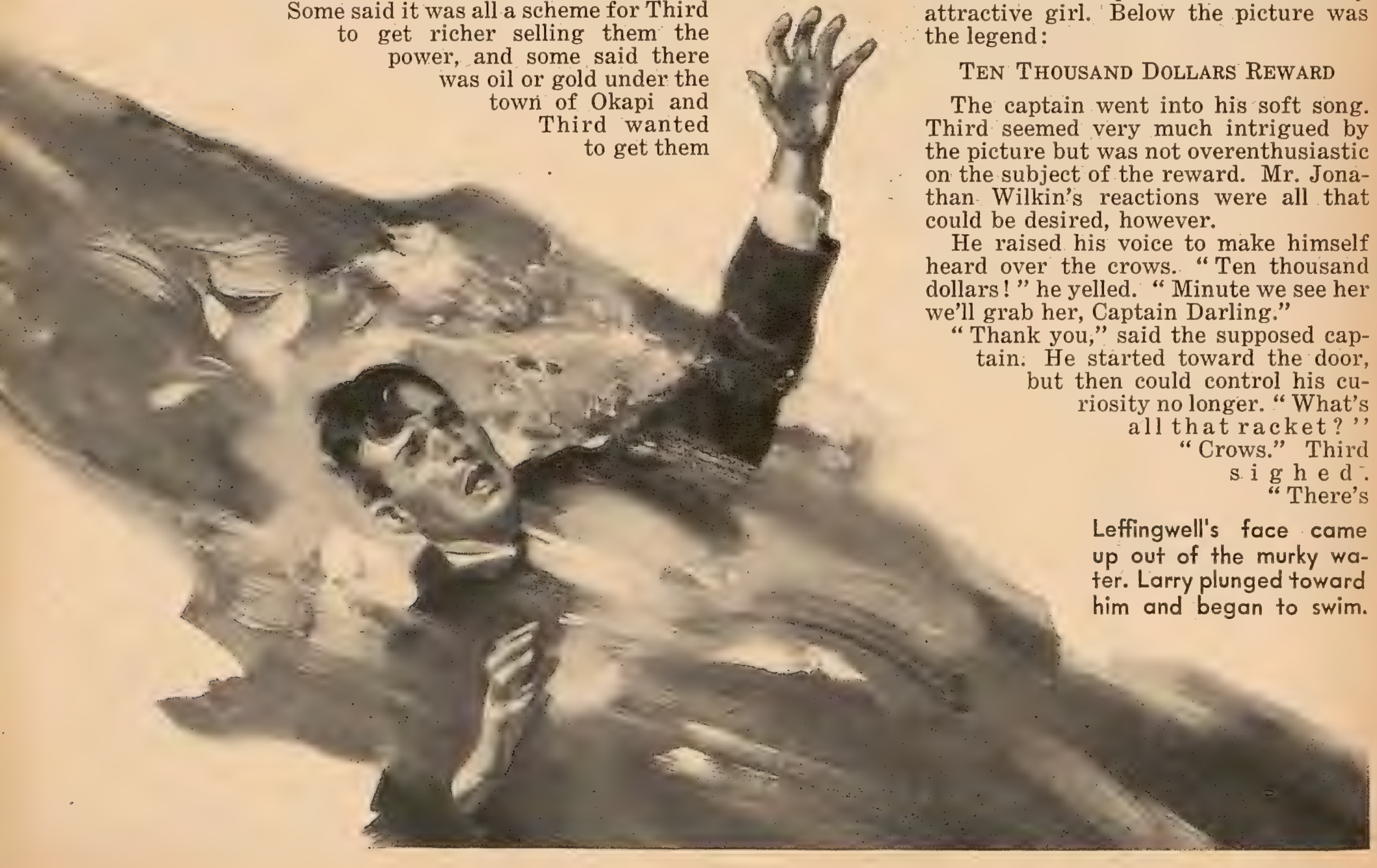
Ten Thousand Dollars Reward

The captain went into his soft song. Third seemed very much intrigued by the picture but was not overenthusiastic on the subject of the reward. Mr. Jonathan Wilkin's reactions were all that could be desired, however.

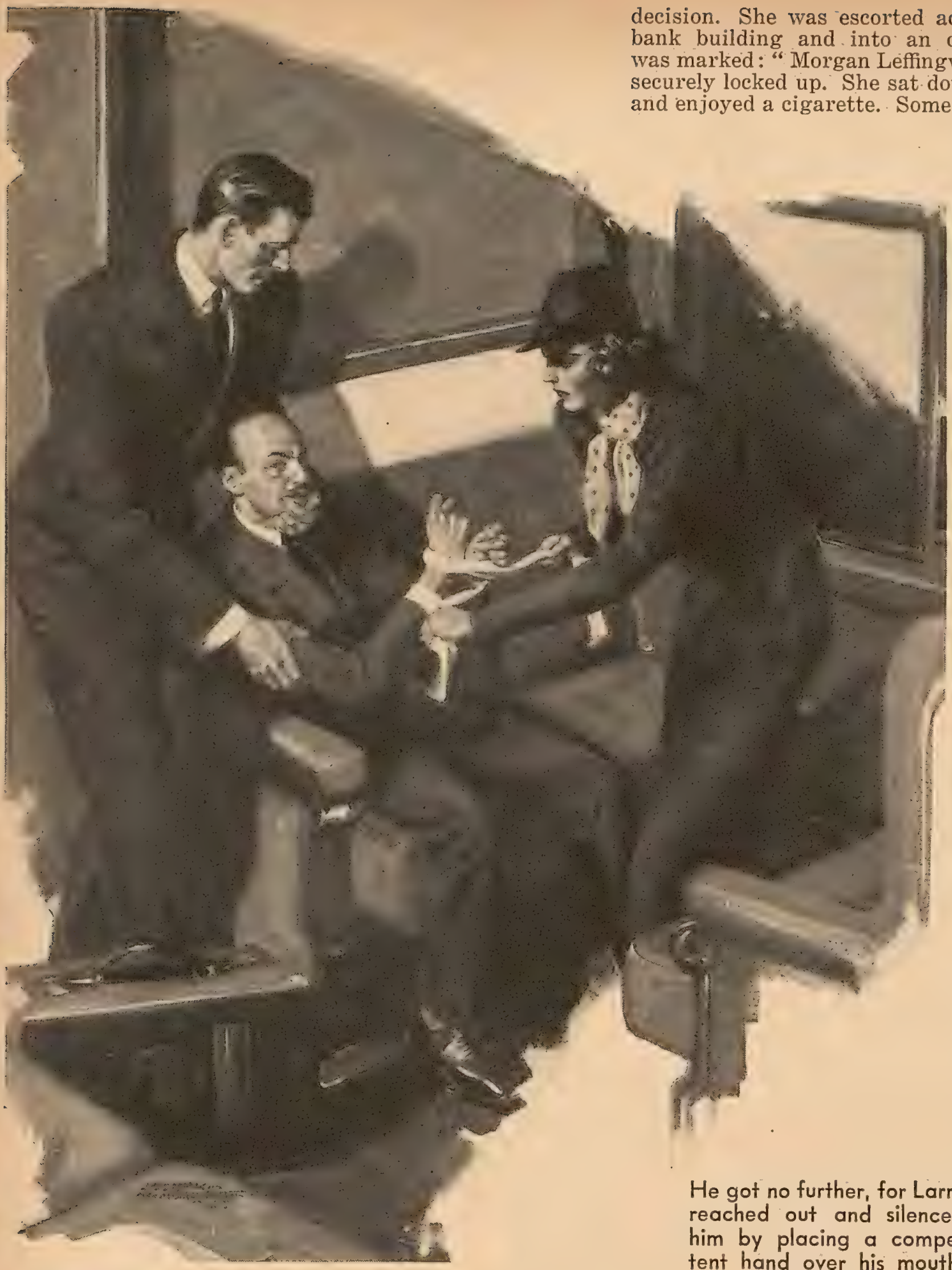
He raised his voice to make himself heard over the crows. "Ten thousand dollars!" he yelled. "Minute we see her we'll grab her, Captain Darling."

"Thank you," said the supposed captain. He started toward the door, but then could control his curiosity no longer. "What's all that racket?"

"Crows." Third sighed. "There's



Leffingwell's face came up out of the murky water. Larry plunged toward him and began to swim.



He got no further, for Larry reached out and silenced him by placing a competent hand over his mouth.

a china tree outside the window and the crows eat the berries. I don't know what we can do about it—we've tried everything."

Larry stared at him for an instant. "Why don't you cut down the tree?" he asked. He nodded and was gone.

Third gazed for a long time at the closed door. "Cut down the tree," he repeated hushedly. "Did you hear that, Jonathan? Gee, that's a smart fellow!"

NELDA arrived in Model City, duly spun her yarn, and produced her check before the eyes of an elderly quivering man named Jonathan Wilkin. Mr. Wilkin paid over the money as per instructions, and then seized her firmly and yelled loudly for the police. The police, when he came, turned out to be a rotund little man whom the complexities of the world seemed to confuse.

He fiddled with the star pinned to his chest and said, "Well, let me see . . . now. . . . You know darn well Third never built me no jail when he built this town, Jonathan. I declare I don't know what to do with this danged female crook."

Nelda sat while they wrangled and finally came to a decision. She was escorted across the street from the bank building and into an office, the door of which was marked: "Morgan Leffingwell, Third." Here she was securely locked up. She sat down in a comfortable chair and enjoyed a cigarette. Some minutes later a noise outside the window attracted her attention. She looked out. Some workmen were digging up a chinaberry tree.

A few minutes later Morgan Leffingwell the Third opened the office door and regarded his prisoner.

"Goodness," he said, "I'd never take you for a crook. Well, grab that fur piece and come along."

She followed him out of the office and down a flight of back stairs. They went across a courtyard to a garage. His manner was furtive and sneaking. In the garage was a coupé.

"Climb in," he whispered.

Rather puzzled, she got in. Third slid behind the wheel and drove out of the garage and speedily traversed the main street of Model City.

Nelda asked, "Where are we going?"

"You'll see," Third replied, shoving the car up to seventy-five. "Say, I'll bet you have fun running around matching wits with the law—don't you?"

"Where are you taking me?" Nelda demanded.

"Right here," said Third, slamming on the brakes.

When the car stopped, he climbed out. "Leave the car wherever you want," he instructed her, "and send me a wire where it is. I'll have some one pick it up. . . . And I'll burn the wire so no one can trace you."

"Wait a minute!" Nelda cried in vexation. "You can't let me go! I'm under arrest."

"Hell," said Third. "I wouldn't put any one in jail. If Zeke says anything, I'll threaten to fire him."

"But—" Nelda said. . . .

"Good-by," Third interrupted. "I wish I could go with you. . . ." He ran up the road and began to thumb at a truck which was heading back toward Model City.

LARRY and Nelda wintered in Havana and came back to the West Coast for the first meet of the year at Santa Anita. Nelda went up to Santa Barbara for a week, and when she came back, Larry met her at the airport.

"Where to?" he asked, as he handed her into a taxicab.

"Ambassador, I suppose."

He turned and looked at her. His eyebrows were a straight tense line across his forehead. "Why waste your dough?" he said with overdone carelessness. "I've got an apartment big enough for a dozen people."

There was a full minute's silence while she looked back at him. Then she said, "I'd rather get a room at the Ambassador—just big enough for one."

They continued to look at each other for another long moment. Then Larry nodded with sudden vehemence. "Sure," he said. "Sure. . . . It's better that way. We're doing all right. Why upset the applecart?"

"That," she said in a senselessly strained voice, "is your question . . . answer it."

It rained steadily the last four days of the Santa Anita meet, and was still raining when they boarded a train for the East.

On the second day out they were on their way back from the diner when they met Mr. A. Edgar Milburn.

The little banker saw them, took a quick step backward, and instantaneously bellowed, "You!"

All the heads in the Pullman whipped around.

"You dirty crooks!" bellowed Mr. Milburn. "I found out all about you two and . . ."

Nelda had already taken one step back, but Larry seemed not the least alarmed. He leaned over and patted Mr. Milburn soothingly on the shoulder. "Now, uncle," he said soothingly, "restrain yourself."

MR. MILBURN'S eyebrows went up alarmingly. His eyes bulged. "Uncle!" he barked. "Uncle!"

"Come now, uncle," Larry coaxed, tugging Milburn's lapel. "Back to the drawing room. Remember, you promised to stay there until we got to the sanitarium."

All the turned heads nodded as if comprehending.

"Sanitarium!" bellowed Mr. Milburn. "Why, you rascal, I'm as sane as you are."

"Sure you are, uncle," crooned Larry, dragging Mr. Milburn toward the end of the coach. "Come quietly, uncle. . . . You didn't like that strait jacket, and we don't want to have to put it back on, now, do we?"

Nelda awoke to her cue. She followed the wrestling pair down the corridor of the Pullman, explaining, "It's uncle. He's never been the same since the Crash."

"Won't somebody help me?" Mr. Milburn pleaded, as Larry firmly but with a great show of gentleness escorted him along the aisle. "This man isn't my uncle—I mean, I'm not his nephew—I mean, I never saw him before . . . except once, and then he stole my money. . . ."

"Haw!" chortled a passenger. "That was when you were Napoleon, wasn't it, pally? I remember it well. I was Joan of Arc."

Laughter followed them as Larry skated Mr. Milburn into the narrow aisle which walled off the drawing rooms and compartments. Nelda opened the door, Larry shoved, and Mr. Milburn lit inside, spraddled out on a seat.

"Quiet, you old mooch," Larry snarled, raising a fist, "or I'll bounce

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this off your bald head." Then, to Nelda, "Get me a towel."

"The law," barked the enraged banker—"the law will . . ."

He got no further, for Larry reached out suddenly and silenced him by placing a competent hand over his mouth. Five minutes later Mr. Milburn was well tied and well gagged, sitting in the washroom on the only sittable piece of furniture in that small compartment. And Larry was thumbing through a timetable.

"Okapi," he said tersely. "We stop there for water or something for a minute. . . . It's a division point and she'll probably stop first a mile or so outside to clear the blocks. Pack!"

The train chuffed to a momentary stop at a signal block outside the whistle-stop hamlet, and they unloaded. When the train moved on, they stumbled through swampy gumbo fields to a macadam road. The road was covered with some six inches of water, and they sloshed along under a pouring sky.

A truck going the other way stopped in answer to their signal. A large canvas had been draped across the body. Emblazoned on the canvas was a red cross.

"I'll give you twenty bucks," Larry said, "to take us into town."

The driver shook his head wearily. "You'll have to hoof it, brother. . . . I'm taking food and medical stuff down the valley. There's sixty kids holed up in a schoolhouse down there."

Gears ground and the truck moved away.

"Sixty children," Nelda said. "Maybe we should have gone with them. We might have been able to help."

He said, "You can't help anybody that's dumb enough to live in a country like this."

They were suddenly soaked through when they came to the edge of the little town, and eventually to a small hotel. The lobby was jammed with men, most of them wearing slickers and hip-high rubber boots.

As they entered, one of the men looked at Larry. "Hey, sheriff," he called, "here's a man you want."

Larry went stiff and his face stayed blank as a mustached man came toward them. Nelda looked for her cue, and Larry said from the corner of his mouth, "They beat us in with the news. . . . I'll put up a stall. . . . I'm a shoe salesman from Boston and you're my wife."

The mustached man wore a revolver on his hip and a star on his chest. He said abruptly to Larry, "What's your name?"

"Harold Gordon," said Larry glibly. "Keniston-Marshall Company of Boston, custom-made shoes. Sheriff, I need your help. I've lost my sample case and credentials. I'll pay a reward if they're found, because . . ."

"Raise your right hand," the sheriff said, not heeding the monologue.

He recited some gabble in a single long-drawn breath. "Harold Gordon," he said then, "you are hereby deputized as a deputy of Okapi County." He handed Larry a badge.

"I'd be glad to be of service, sheriff," said Larry with tremendous sincerity, "but I'm trying to get up to Model City. My wife's mother is up there at the point of death—isn't she, dear?"

Nelda did not play up to her cue. Larry gave her a dirty look and went smoothly on, "The old lady was . . ."

"I'm sorry, mister," the sheriff said, "but you couldn't get through anyway. Five and six feet of water reported in some places north of here . . . getting higher every minute. . . . Get your boots and slicker. We're commandeering every able-bodied man. Fix him up, Ed."

Larry said under his breath to Nelda, "You were a lot of help. Why didn't you start bawling?"

She ignored him. "Sheriff," she called, "is there some way I can help?"

The sheriff nodded. "Mrs. Gray can use you. . . . Hey, Connelly, take this lady to the warehouse."

Connelly took her down the street to the grain-and-feed warehouse. Inside some thirty or forty women were busily packing foodstuffs and medical supplies into boxes. Connelly bawled at a gray-haired matronly woman:

"Hey, Miz Gray, here's a lady sheriff sent to help."

With no further introduction, he left. Mrs. Gray turned Nelda over to a tiny woman with shiny white hair, Mrs. Marshall, who fitted her out with warm but too-roomy clothes, and set her to work. Work was the word. Nelda poured iodine from huge jugs into smaller bottles until her arms and shoulders were hot with pain. She rolled bandages until all her fingernails were broken. The women packed the supplies in boxes, and all night long men came to the warehouse and carried the boxes away.

"I declare," Mrs. Marshall said, "I don't know what we'd have done without Third Leffingwell. Had all this stuff trucked down soon as the rain started."

Nelda heard with unbelieving ears the fragmentary reports that came in: The Miller family lost their oldest boy—drowned trying to save a ram. The Bugatti family were marooned in the hayloft. Ellie Carter was expecting, and there was five feet of water along the road.

At four thirty in the morning little Mrs. Marshall came over to her. "Dearie," she said, "I've got to go up the valley. Do you think you're strong enough to walk eight miles through muck and water?"

Nelda looked at the minute woman. "Eight or ten miles! You mean you're going to walk all . . ."

"As much as I can," the old lady said. "My legs sometimes feel their seventy-two years. But Eben White will carry me part of the way if he has to."

"Why, surely," Nelda said. "I'll

do anything to help. . . . Is there something wrong up there?"

"Ellie Carter's due," Mrs. Marshall said. "We'll have to deliver the baby."

Eben White was a burly mackinawed youth who was short on words and long on strength. Once he carried Mrs. Marshall for two hours at a stretch. The old lady was walking when they came to a swelling crest in the terrain. Here there was a small patch of dry land that felt odd under their feet.

"Marshall Meadow," said Eben tersely. "Better rest. It'll be bad from here on."

They slumped tiredly to the ground. "Marshall Meadow," the old lady said quietly, looking out into the dark. "Here's where I killed the Indian."

Nelda jerked awake. She said in amazement, "What?"

"Indian," said Mrs. Marshall. "In '61. With an ax. He was drunk, or I'd never have managed. Before he burnt the house, he found a jug of corn. I was hiding in the willows and I sneaked down to the woodpile and got the ax and hit him with it."

Nelda shivered.

"Well," said Eben, rising, "should we go on?"

IF she heard rain years later, Nelda sometimes awoke from a sound sleep to find herself exhausted from the nightmare remembrances of the next hours. She waded and climbed and scrambled until her legs lost all feeling—no longer seemed part of her.

At an unbelievably long last they could see a house set in a small hollow. Water lapped at its eaves.

"Must have moved up to the barn," Eben surmised.

A twinkle of light came toward them and gradually transformed itself into a ten-year-old boy with a lamp. "Paw figgered somebody would be coming out from town," he said, "and he sent me with the lamp."

"He wouldn't come himself," said Mrs. Marshall tersely. "Not your paw."

The boy showed them the way. "Picked up a fellow last night," he said. "Darn fool tried to get down from the upper valley in a car. Got washed off the road."

They sloshed along toward a barn on a hillock.

Jeff Carter met them outside the barn. He was a middle-aged man with weak watery eyes and a receding chin. "Glad to see you," he said. "For a while I was afraid no one would be able to get through."

"Seems like a smart man would have hitched up last week and fetched his family in," said Mrs. Marshall tartly.

Inside, the damp ground had been insulated somewhat by a two-foot spreading of hay. On a piled square of bricks a wood fire burnt feebly. A girl about eight and a scrawny five-year-old boy huddled close to the small flames. Next to the fire a man lay, his back toward them. Carter saw Mrs. Marshall's inquiring glance.

"A fellow coming down the valley," he explained. "Got washed off the road. . . . Seems pretty sick."

"He can wait," said Mrs. Marshall. "Where's Ellie?"

Carter led the way around a partition. Here, in what had been a stall, hay had been piled to make a bed. On the hay was an old mattress. The coverings were patchwork quilts.

When the woman who lay on the makeshift bed spoke it was through teeth that held back moans of pain; but while there was suffering in her eyes, Nelda saw there no fear.

"Hello, Nettie," she said to Mrs. Marshall. "I figured somebody'd be along soon. . . ."

Mrs. Marshall tapped Nelda's shoulder. "Get that fire roaring," she ordered. "Chase some of those wuthless men for the driest wood they can find. See that there's anyway three kettles or pots. I'm depending on you for slews of hot water."

Nelda started Eben on the hunt for wood and pots, and she went to where the fire burned in the makeshift brick stove. The man lying near it rolled over. Then he sat up and stared.

"You," he said in the dry rattly voice of a man on the verge of pneumonia. "It's you."

She said nothing, looking at Mr. A. Edgar Milburn.

"Robbed me," he said, "and then made a fool of me. I got off that train and started back to find you . . . you crook . . . you . . ."

Nelda lifted a pinch bar that served as poker. "Lie down," she told him in a voice that said she intended him to follow instructions. "There's more important things than your miserable money right now."

The banker raised the threatening finger again, and Eben White's voice came over Nelda's shoulder.

"Lay down, mister," he said, "like the lady told you."

Milburn looked at the mighty, impassive farmer for an instant and lay down on the pallet. Eben dropped an armful of split logs by the fire.

Often Nelda doubted that this was reality, but after five hours during which she was an automaton moving to the word and tone of the old lady's voice, the baby, an eight-pound girl, was born.

FOR twenty hours Larry worked harder than he had in the previous ten years. He filled gunny sacks with sand, he rolled barrels of flour and crates of foodstuffs on to trucks. At noon the next day, after forty-five minutes' sleep, he was sent to the cooperage warehouse. In charge of a crew of half a dozen men whom he only half saw through his sleepy eyes, Larry went into a large building where empty barrels were stacked to the ceiling. Here sandbags kept the water from coming in. Bulk relief goods were being broken down into small packages.

"Trucks are stopped in most directions," the sheriff explained. "Bundle this stuff into packages that'll fit on a pack horse or mule."

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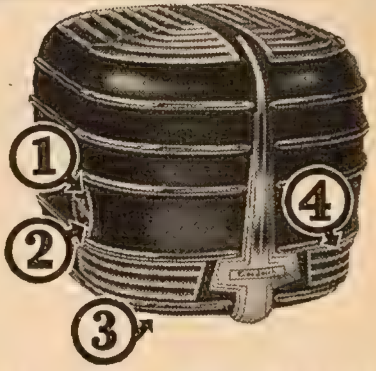

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Do you know the answers?

1 Do germs cause colds?

2 Is there a known cure for colds?

NO COLDS ALLOWED

3 Can colds be prevented?

4 What do lemons and Luden's have in common?

5 What is Luden's 3-Way Action?

HERE ARE THE ANSWERS!

1 Medical science has yet to discover the cause of colds.

2 Until the cause is known, no definite cure can be established.

3 We quote this from a Medical Journal: "The researches (of doctors) led them to believe that colds result from an acid condition. To overcome this, they prescribe various alkalies."

4 Lemon juice is alkaline in effect. This is why your doctor may recommend lemonade if you catch cold easily. Luden's Menthol cough drops also contain an important alkaline factor.

5 Luden's 3-Way Action begins instantly. (1) The menthol helps clear your head. (2) Raw, inflamed membranes are soothed. (3) They help to build up your alkaline reserve, important to cold resistance.

5¢ LUDEN'S Menthol COUGH DROPS — Now WITH ALKALINE FACTOR ADDED — LUDEN'S 5¢ OPEN THIS END

TRY A BOX TODAY!

They did, working for tense hours. Then a mounted man came back, his pack animals minus their packs. "Deepened a lot between here and the west ridge," he explained. "Swimming water in spots. Had to cut loose the packs or lose the animals too."

"Look, sheriff," Larry said. "Why not lash a dozen or so of these empty barrels together and nail planks across them? Then you could load the stuff on top and let the horses tow it. If they hit deep water the stuff won't be lost."

"You said something smart, stranger," the sheriff barked.

A scarecrowish man working near them in the gloom came nearer to Larry. "Damn," he said; "that's using your head, mister. That's the cleverest . . . Why, you're the fellow that—uh . . . Say, I had it moved. Now a man can think in my office."

Larry peered under the scrawny man's rain hat. "Oh," he said. "You're the fellow in Model City."

"Uh-huh," said the other admiringly. "Third Leffingwell. I'd like to talk to you sometime. You have the best ideas."

Larry scowled, thinking of Nelda's unwilling escape. "Yeah," he said. "You have some pretty wild ones yourself."

Further conversation was stopped as the sheriff came through. "Listen!" he said to the group. "Just got a phone from the truck that was taking stuff up Stone Crossing way. They went off the road into fifteen feet of water this side of Baker's farm. Somebody'll have to try to get some supplies up that way—the Carters are up there and it's Miz Carter's time. Who knows the way?"

"Me," said Third, standing up.

I GOT a team of mules," the sheriff said. "Think you could get a raftload of stuff up there?"

"I'll try," Third said. "I ought to have some one with me. One'll have to go ahead while the other drives."

"O. K.," said the sheriff. "Pick a man and get going."

Third pointed an elongated finger at Larry. "Him," he said.

Larry gave him an evil look.

When the raft was loaded they started off, Larry walking ahead with a pole, sounding for depth; Third sloshing alongside, driving the team.

They earned each slow-going mile only by heartbreaking effort. In places the unseen gravel road beneath them had been washed away. Then they had to swim the mules, Larry tugging on the lead rope and Third hanging to the side of the raft.

Then suddenly the bottom dropped out from beneath Larry's feet; his mouth filled with water. He came up under the raft and banged his head against a plank. A mule kicked him, and then he fought free from some entangling strands of harness and struck out, swimming awkwardly in his weight of clothes. After half a dozen strokes he found bottom and stood up. The mules had kicked free from the raft and were swimming away with the current.

As he looked, Third Leffingwell's face came up out of the murky water some forty feet away. Third gurgled a couple of times and sank again. Without thinking, Larry plunged toward him, found deep water and began to swim. Bringing Third back to where there was bottom was hard work. But Larry managed. And managed to get him to where a fence jutted out of the water. He hung the feebly struggling multimillionaire over the top rail and wearily climbed up and joined him.

THIRD coughed up a few gallons of water. Finally he managed speech. "Thanks," he said simply. "I'd 'a' been a goner. Can't swim a stroke."

Larry snarled at him, "Of all the patsies! You can't swim and you came along on a deal like this?"

"Well," Third apologized feebly, "I knew the way, and I thought I could hang on the raft."

"Well, we're in a hell of a fix now," said Larry testily. He looked downcurrent to where the raft had snagged on the fence. "Let's start back. We can follow the fence line."

"Back?" said Third in some surprise. "Why, no. We'll take what we can carry from the raft and go on."

"Go on?" Larry snarled. "I'm starting back."

"You can't do that," Third said earnestly. "Those people need help."

"Let them help themselves," Larry retorted. "I didn't force 'em to live in this God-forsaken place."

"You got to come along," Third insisted.

"Who's going to make me?"

Third rubbed his chin perplexedly. "But you got to," he said again. "I can't carry enough stuff by myself."

Larry faced him. "Listen," he said clearly. "You're a sucker, understand? So it's all right for you to play Galahad or King Arthur or whoever it was that went around doing good for others. But I'm a smart guy, see? So it's not all right for me to make a chump out of myself. I'm taking care of Larry Eagan."

"Gee," Third said, "I don't know what to do about you. I don't know how to show you your ideas are all wrong. And," he added dubiously, "I don't think I can force you. I guess you can lick me."

"Check on that," Larry growled. "So long, sucker."

"Wait," said Third. "I'll have to try every way. Put up your hands."

He struck a pose. Larry had to grin at what Third considered a fighting stance.

"Behave, chump," he told Third.

"Put your hands up!" Third cried again and let fly.

Larry weaved aside from five or six inept punches which Third delivered with his eyes firmly closed. "Cut it out," he said while ducking, "or I'll slap you down."

Third failing to heed the second warning, Larry reached out and slapped him resoundingly alongside the ear. Third flopped under water. Larry fished him out.

When he had finished coughing up more water, Third shook his head sadly. "I was never any good at boxing," he said; "couldn't learn to keep my eyes open."

"They're still closed, sucker," Larry said genially. "You're a game string bean, at that. Let's get back."

"So long," Third said, and started toward the raft.

"Look, chump," Larry coaxed. "You're a cinch to get yourself knocked off. You can't swim."

"I'll lug a plank," Third said over his shoulder. "If I step off I'll hang on to the plank and kick my feet."

Third went on, reached the raft, and began dragging at the bundles atop it. Larry sloshed down to him.

"Look, sucker," he said. "You can't carry enough of that stuff on your back to amount to a whoop. Pull one of those empty barrels loose and pack the stuff into it. Then yank a hunk of wire loose from the fence and tie it over the top of the barrel to keep the junk from coming out. Then another hunk of wire to tow it with, and you can just walk along and let it swim behind you. If you fall, the stuff won't be tied on your shoulders."

Third looked up from his work. There was admiration in his voice as he said reverently, "You got a head."

Larry sat on the fence and watched while Third followed his instructions.

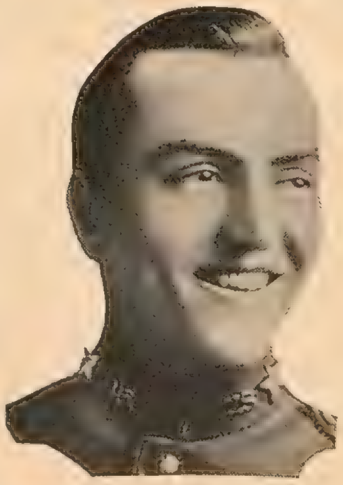
Will the "smart guy" find a way to get back to civilization and safety? And what of Nelda, marooned in the Carter barn with her old enemy, A. Edgar Milburn? Don't miss the surprising concluding installment of this tale of two charming crooks in next week's Liberty!

LIKE TWENTY QUESTIONS?

Like Twenty Questions? Then listen to Wallace Butterworth and Parks Johnson, who edit Liberty's Twenty Questions and ask questions on the Vox Pop program every Tuesday over the NBC Red Network at 9 P. M. Also 8.30 P. M., Pacific Standard Time, on Monday evenings.

☆ TWENTY QUESTIONS ☆

Edited by Wallace Butterworth and Parks Johnson



1—Who is the smiling young officer in the early photo to the reader's right? Clues: He accounted for twenty-six enemy planes; won many race-track victories; had an automobile named for him; was born at Columbus, Ohio, in 1890.

2—The blueback, Dolly Varden, and the Sunapee are species of what?

3—What race is 26 miles 385 yards in length?

4—Virginia Verrill resembles which screen star?

5—Whom did William Green nominate for the presidency of the American Federation of Labor in 1921?

6—What is Mexico's second largest city?

7—Which tenor undertook many of Caruso's roles following the latter's death?

8—Columbus made how many trips to America?

9—Why do would-be ventriloquists have difficulty with labials?

10—Who wrote Tess of the D'Urbervilles?

11—A Borzoi is often known by what name?

12—Which educational institution did Booker Taliaferro Washington found?

13—Who is Secretary of the Navy in F. D. R.'s cabinet?

14—Were 2,801,635 or 4,021,234 or 24,234,021 inducted into service under the three U. S. World War drafts?

15—Who, according to the Bible, invented the oldest of stringed instruments?

16—Was the original Liberty Bell made in America?

17—What is the double veil affected by Mohammedan women called?

18—Does a xebec inhabit zoos, sail the sea, or yield unearthly music?

19—Was it Commodore M. C. Perry or Commodore O. H. Perry who opened Japan to foreign trade?

20—Who is Governor of Louisiana?

(Answers will be found on page 57)

"Maybe I'll have to come to it"

For the children's sake, we hope Santa Claus resists the temptation to use a Schick Shaver.

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SCHICK SHAVER

They Lynched

How long will America stand for horrors like these? Can we—and will we—end them?

BY WILL IRWIN

READING TIME ● 6 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

IN this special session of Congress the Senate is to consider the Wagner-Van Nuys anti-lynching bill, which gives the federal government power to deal with our blackest national disgrace. In the regular session, the House passed this measure by 277 votes to 119. When it appeared in the Senate, at least two thirds of the members favored it. But in the minority were certain men representing lynching states. Not to oppose this bill might lose them votes. In a session where the administration program was going none too rapidly, they threatened a filibuster.

The sponsors of the anti-lynching bill arranged a compromise; it became " must " legislation after the agricultural bill. The Senate adjourned before it got round to crop control, and the lynching bill would have gone into the garret but for the extra session. Meantime, between introduction of this bill and adjournment we had eight lynchings, including an especially atrocious affair where the mob used acetylene torches on the victims.

It would seem that only a filibuster could now defeat this attempt to erase the blot on our civilization. No filibuster can stand up in face of adverse public opinion. Let me call attention to one count in the indictment against Judge Lynch: He is a hopelessly incompetent judge. In at least a third of the recorded cases the mob has probably lynched the wrong man.

Now and then a mob has seized a culprit whom a real judge has just sentenced to death, taken him out and lynched him. Otherwise, we can never say that any man executed by lynch law is guilty in the legal sense. Studying the imperfect evidence in 5,000 lynchings, one concludes that the majority of the victims were probably guilty of the offenses charged against them. But in the large minority are cases where events proved—after his death—that the accused had nothing whatever to do with the crime, cases of mistaken identity, cases where the evidence was as thin as tissue paper, cases where a mob lynched for an offense which a real judge would not punish with a dollar of fine or a day in the workhouse.

For that small element of sadistic morons who perpetrate our lynchings act on impulse and in the first heat of public indignation. Any one who reads criminal news knows how often the police hold on suspicion some man whom, when they find the real culprit, they release. There is the recent Gedeon murder in New York City. Some one killed Mrs. Gedeon, her daughter—an artist's model—and a male lodger. The police fixed their suspicion on Mrs. Gedeon's husband. For a week they grilled him; and some newspapers seemed almost to take his guilt for granted. Suddenly interest turned to Robert Irwin, an eccentric sculptor who had disappeared. Identified in Cleveland, he went to a newspaper in Chicago, sold an alleged confession, and is, as I write, awaiting trial.

The police exonerated Gedeon. New York is not a lynching community. If it were, we might have witnessed the old barbaric spectacle—following which the community in general, now a little frightened, might have built up so strong a tradition of Gedeon's guilt that any other suspect would have gone his way undisturbed.

That is a hypothetical case. Here are a few real ones: Some one murdered a sheriff. The deputies arrested six

The Wrong Man

Negroes for questioning. The mob, gathering at once, lynched five of them. The police rescued the other. This survivor, indicted and arraigned for "complicity," was convicted and sent up for life. A year later, after evidence pointing to the real culprits appeared, he was granted a new trial and acquitted. The evidence showed that the five dead men also were innocent.

In the mountains of northern California a mob started after a man named Black, accused of assaulting a child. The officers spirited him away. But the mob had to satisfy its thirst for blood. So it strung up his aged father.

After a racial mix-up in which a white planter and a Negro died of bullet wounds, a mob burned Mr. and Mrs. Holbert at the stake. There was some evidence against Holbert, but against his wife only the feeling that she must have been involved in her husband's doings.

A posse had hunted during two days for a man charged with some crime or other. A farmer saw a burly individual running across one of his fields. Commanded to halt, the stranger climbed a tree. The farmer sent word to the posse. They surrounded the tree. A mob gathered and took charge. Having no rope along, they sent for one. While they waited, the stranger started to slide down the trunk. So the mob shot him to pieces. It turned out that he was a hopeless lunatic, escaped only that morning from a neighboring asylum. At the time when the crime occurred he was behind bars.

I could pile up the instances of Judge Lynch's ways with the provably innocent. Far more numerous are the cases where there is some possibility of guilt. Allen Green, Negro, died at the hands of a mob in 1930. In his youth he was accused of an attempted assault on a white woman. He got a long term on the chain gang. Three years later there appeared such evidence as proved this accusation virtually impossible. The prosecutor and the jury joined in asking the governor to grant him a parole. This the governor did. Green settled in the nearest town and went to work. He proved industrious, intelligent. Very soon he was making money. Among other irons in the fire, he had a contract with the town government which returned him seven dollars and a half a day.

This became an issue in small-town politics. Candidates were running for office on a pledge to "throw out Green." Some of his unpopularity was his own fault: he had assumed a superior air toward the poor whites. Also it is possible that, as the town afterward declared in its own defense, he had a disagreeable interest in white women.

Suddenly came a charge of assault. Most of the testimony at the preliminary hearing was flimsy. Nevertheless the authorities held him in jail. Boys and loafers, many from out of town, began to gather at the baseball park. Some one told them that if they enrolled a hundred men a lynching would become legal. They counted noses until they had a hundred and eight and then started for the flimsy jail. The man who served as both jailer and sheriff had gone to bed. "I couldn't believe that anybody thought Green was guilty!" he said afterward. They knocked him over the head and bullied his wife into giving them the cell keys. "White men, won't you let me talk?" pleaded Green. They wouldn't. They tied him to a post and pumped a hundred bullets into him.

The Black Legion case is fresh in public memory. Mrs. Charles A. Poole, with a baby coming, had gone to a hospital. Some one started the rumor that she was laid up because her husband had beaten her and broken her ribs. "And he never laid a hand on me—he was the best husband a woman ever had!" sobbed Mrs. Poole afterward. When his executioners found him he was awaiting news of her condition.

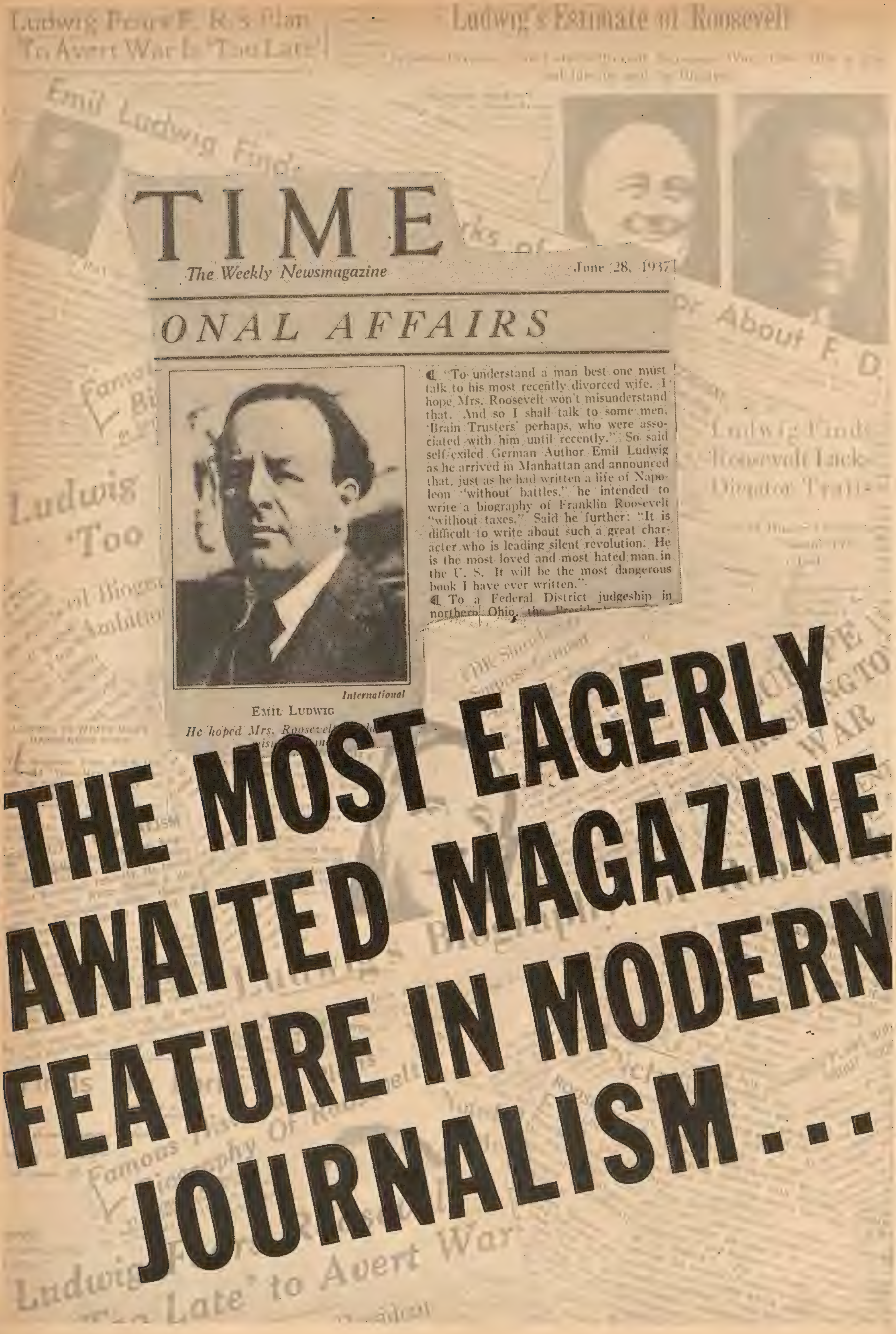
But they did not look into the evidence. Such, indeed, was their mentality that they would not have known evidence had they seen it.

Dr. Arthur F. Roper, a scholarly, highly placed investigator, has looked into all of the twenty-one lynchings known to have been committed during 1930. He reports: "Two of the mob victims were innocent of crime (they were not even accused), and there is grave doubt of the guilt of eleven others."

A small unintelligent sadistic element among the American people has brought upon us our national reproach—lynching. It is time we abolished it. The Wagner-Van Nuys bill is our opportunity.

THE END

In a third of the cases the mob of morons has probably put to death the wrong man



Ludwig Fears F. R.'s Plan 'To Avert War Is 'Too Late'
Ludwig's Estimate of Roosevelt
Emil Ludwig Finds
Ludwig Finds Roosevelt Lacks Dictator Traits
Ludwig 'Too Late' to Avert War

TIME
The Weekly Newsmagazine
June 28, 1937

ONAL AFFAIRS

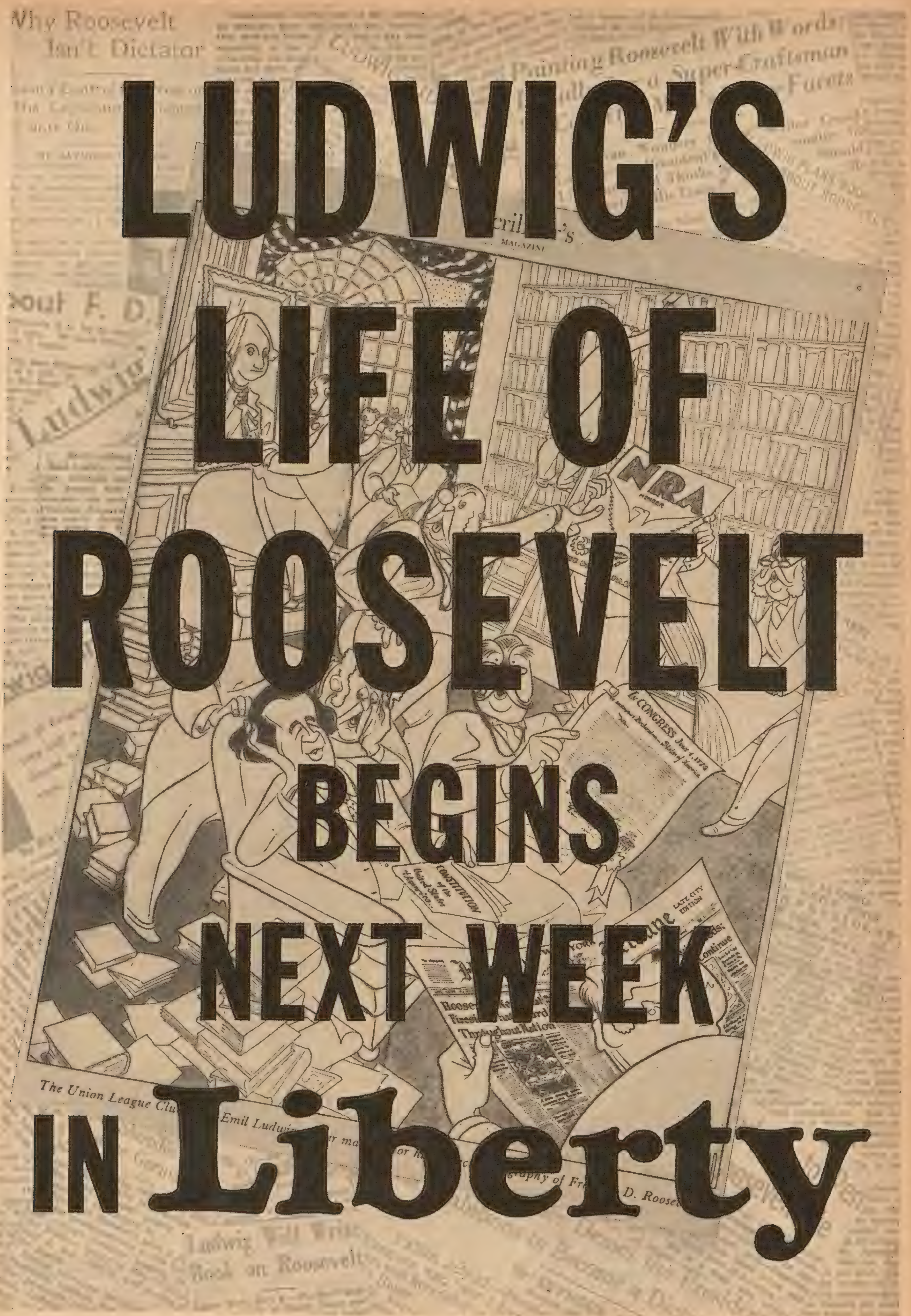
EMIL LUDWIG
He hoped Mrs. Roosevelt would not misunderstand

International

¶ "To understand a man best one must talk to his most recently divorced wife. I hope Mrs. Roosevelt won't misunderstand that. And so I shall talk to some men, 'Brain Trusters' perhaps, who were associated with him until recently." So said self-exiled German Author Emil Ludwig as he arrived in Manhattan and announced that, just as he had written a life of Napoleon "without battles," he intended to write a biography of Franklin Roosevelt "without taxes." Said he further: "It is difficult to write about such a great character who is leading silent revolution. He is the most loved and most hated man in the U. S. It will be the most dangerous book I have ever written."

¶ To a Federal District judgeship in northern Ohio, the President

THE MOST EAGERLY AWAITED MAGAZINE FEATURE IN MODERN JOURNALISM...


Why Roosevelt Isn't Dictator
Painting Roosevelt With Words;
a Super-Craftsman
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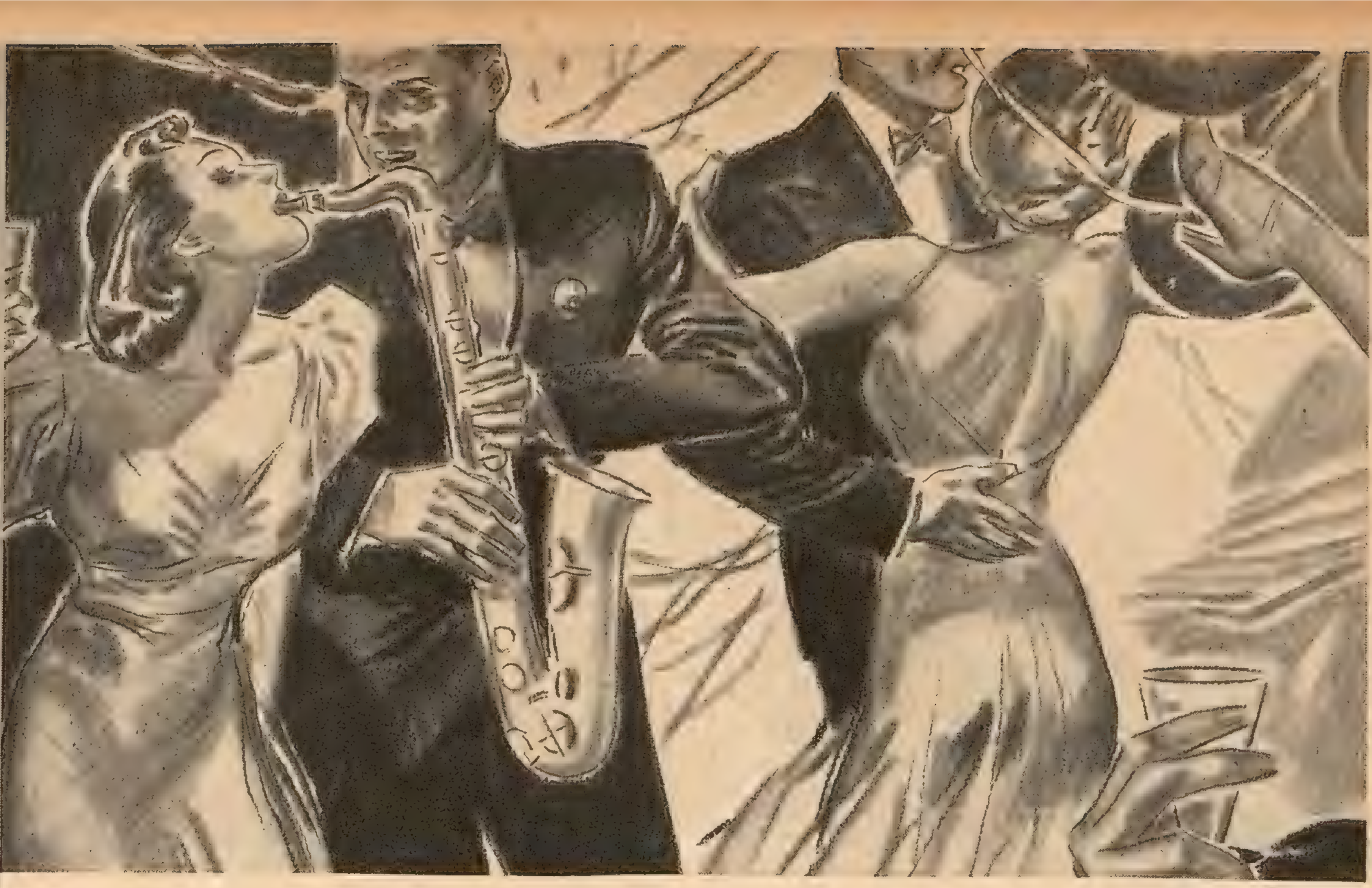
LUDWIG'S LIFE OF ROOSEVELT

BEGINS NEXT WEEK

IN Liberty

JULIE TAKES THE WRAP



READING TIME ● 13 MINUTES 57 SECONDS

For brides and mothers-in-law . . . A buoyant, human story of an exciting night and a surprising morning after

BY ANNE HALL

ANY girl who has been in the show business . . . but there, of course, was the rub. I was a show girl, and the angle of Mrs. Stephen Lynch's patrician nose when Steve, Jr., introduced us could only be computed mathematically. Steve, heir to Lynch Flat Silver, hastened to explain that my father, a quiet little college professor, had died, leaving me with an unmerited and utterly worthless diploma in my hand and a readily marketable rhythm in my toes. And since for little Julie it had to be either the bread line or the chorus line, I had chosen the one with music. Steve finished with a flourish, but there was no applause. We didn't even loose an icicle.

While I wasn't exactly thrilled to hear his apology for my having had a job with the grandest profession on earth, still I could see his point. He wanted his mother to like me . . . so I let it pass.

I found out later that there were a lot of the brutal facts of life, especially his life, that Steve had kept from mama. He didn't want to worry her and he didn't want her to worry him. Deceiving her, for example, about his favorite beverage, and just how and where he liked it, seemed downright juvenile to me; but that was his problem and I let it alone.

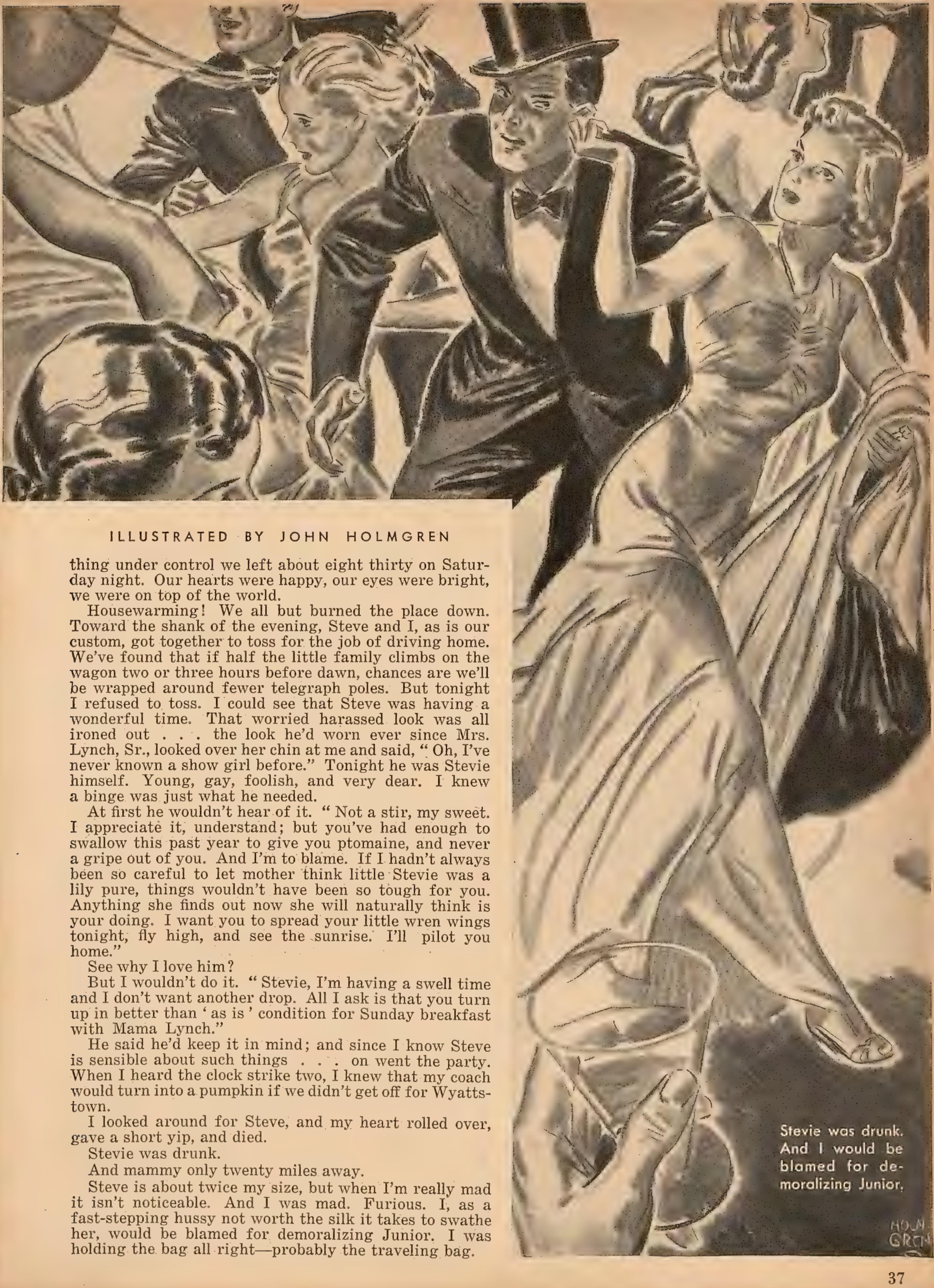
You see, twelve months ago young Stephen Lynch strode into my life and made me feel that the most fun on earth would be to give up my job in New York and move into the moth-eaten ancestor-infested pile of gray stone that had harbored Lynches for seventy-five years . . . or is it generations? . . . I forget. And strange though it may seem to those who know me, it *was* fun. I really liked it. Of course that was because I had Stevie, his smile and his love. I knew that I had more than my share of happiness right there.

All this in spite of Mrs. Stephen Lynch, Sr., you understand. We just didn't mesh. And up to an hour ago I didn't give one good-sized hoot whether we did or not. She thought, and naturally, that I wasn't good enough for her boy. And I thought . . . well, we won't go into what I thought. After all, she was with us only a month or two out of the year.

And then, last Saturday night, came the showdown. We had been invited, Steve and I, by friends of our own selection, to a housewarming. It was unfortunate that the party occurred just a day or two after Mrs. Lynch's arrival, but I was all for telling the lady that we were going to go, getting dressed and going. But not old Madam Lynch's boy Stephen. Experience, he said, was a grand old guy. The very phrase " housewarming " would permanently curl her back hair and she would be able to smell the demon rum without even turning her head. Furthermore, she didn't know the people—and that, my dear, made them gypsies; and she would naturally blame the whole set-up on little Julie Wren. *My* friends . . . *my* idea . . . I gathered the effect of all that would turn the rest of her visit into a freeze-out for me.

Against my better judgment I agreed to deception; although I didn't exactly see how we were going to tell her we were going to the village library and then reel in at four or five in the morning. Oh, Steve and I don't drink to excess . . . I mean not often. But we both know all the gestures for warming a house, and they evidently could not be confided to the matriarch.

I don't know what Steve did tell her, but with every-



Stevie was drunk. And I would be blamed for demoralizing Junior.

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN HOLMGREN

thing under control we left about eight thirty on Saturday night. Our hearts were happy, our eyes were bright, we were on top of the world.

Housewarming! We all but burned the place down. Toward the shank of the evening, Steve and I, as is our custom, got together to toss for the job of driving home. We've found that if half the little family climbs on the wagon two or three hours before dawn, chances are we'll be wrapped around fewer telegraph poles. But tonight I refused to toss. I could see that Steve was having a wonderful time. That worried harassed look was all ironed out . . . the look he'd worn ever since Mrs. Lynch, Sr., looked over her chin at me and said, " Oh, I've never known a show girl before." Tonight he was Stevie himself. Young, gay, foolish, and very dear. I knew a binge was just what he needed.

At first he wouldn't hear of it. " Not a stir, my sweet. I appreciate it, understand; but you've had enough to swallow this past year to give you ptomaine, and never a gripe out of you. And I'm to blame. If I hadn't always been so careful to let mother think little Stevie was a lily pure, things wouldn't have been so tough for you. Anything she finds out now she will naturally think is your doing. I want you to spread your little wren wings tonight, fly high, and see the sunrise. I'll pilot you home."

See why I love him?

But I wouldn't do it. " Stevie, I'm having a swell time and I don't want another drop. All I ask is that you turn up in better than ' as is ' condition for Sunday breakfast with Mama Lynch."

He said he'd keep it in mind; and since I know Steve is sensible about such things . . . on went the party. When I heard the clock strike two, I knew that my coach would turn into a pumpkin if we didn't get off for Wyattstown.

I looked around for Steve, and my heart rolled over, gave a short yip, and died.

Stevie was drunk.

And mammy only twenty miles away.

Steve is about twice my size, but when I'm really mad it isn't noticeable. And I was mad. Furious. I, as a fast-stepping hussy not worth the silk it takes to swathe her, would be blamed for demoralizing Junior. I was holding the bag all right—probably the traveling bag.

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Liquid Paste
CARTER'S CICO
Liquid Paste

CICO
IS PASTE THAT Sticks

■ Whether pasting is part of your job or if you are just an occasional "paster," you'll find this unique Liquid Paste a joy.

It really *sticks*, and with the improved rubber spreader you can apply it evenly and in the right amount without mess or trouble.

The smart modern jar is a far cry from the old "paste pot." Of gleaming opal glass and striking black and silver cap and label, it's attractive enough for a place in plain view on your desk or table.

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Plain or Ephedrine

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE...

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause of your grouchy, gloomy feelings. It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 25c at all drug stores.

"Get in the back seat," I ordered.

"Aw, honey . . ."

"Get in the back seat, Steve, and try to wrap enough of this cool air around your fevered brow to help you miss the squeaky step by your mother's door. Get in!"

He got in. If I had doped him he couldn't have dropped into innocent sleep more quickly or deeply.

I drove carefully down the street, made a right turn, a left turn, and then knew the inescapable truth. Little Julie was lost.

Up one street and down another. On and on. And I was getting madder and madder.

I saw a service station; whirled into the gravel circle. Nobody was there. No service.

Setting my teeth grimly, I stopped the car in a vain hope of getting my bearings. If only the sun . . .

The cessation of movement roused Steve. He sat up and said brightly, "What's this?"

"It's a darling little deserted service station. Nobody here. But maybe you, my good man, can direct me to the Wyattstown pike."

"Certainly. Glad to oblige. Where are we?"

"I don't know. There's a service station on one corner, a house on each of the other three, and several trees. Give you any hint?"

"No; but I'll get out and ask."

"You'll stay right where you are."

"Now wait. I'll just get out and . . ."

"You stay right where you are, Steve Lynch."

"But maybe if I get out I can get an idea . . ."

I had heard him rattle the door latch, so I put my hand around, slammed the door shut, and went into gear as fast as I could. Once he got out of the car I would be stuck. Since he seemed to be able to talk now, I thought he might be able to listen a bit too, and I let fly with a few homely truths. I talked about his mother, our future, his obligation to her, to me, to himself. I really cleared up a lot of things that had been stacking up under the eaves for the past few months.

ON I went. Left turns, right turns, straight ahead; dead-end streets, complete turns. I slowed up at every intersection to try to read the street signs. But you may have noticed that such markers were designed for birds of passage and were not intended to be deciphered from a streamline car. So on I went, with a blue flame of talk flowing over my shoulder at Steve.

Suddenly a flashlight was wig-wagged across the road in front of us and I drew to a stop. It was a uniformed policeman. He flashed the light full in my face. "Say, lady, where are you going this time of night?"

I smiled at him happily. "My goodness, officer, I'm glad to see you! We're lost and have been going around in circles for an hour. We want to get to Wyattstown. Will you direct us to the pike?"

He flashed his light over the rear of the car and I knew I'd have to start explaining about Steve. Then he flashed the thing full in my face and said in a not so friendly tone, "Just who do you mean by 'we,' lady?"

I stiffened and said scornfully, "My husband and I. That . . . . in the back seat is what is left of my husband."

"Lady, there ain't anybody in the back seat."

My head snapped around sharply.

"What did you say?" I asked.

"I say there ain't anybody in this here car but you."

I TURNED weakly to look, but already I knew what had happened. The rattling I had heard of the door latch had been Steve getting out. Where? I would never know. Turns and turns behind me!

I fumbled, opened my mouth, shut it.

"I guess you better come on in with me, ma'am, and talk to the sergeant."

"Oh, I can't! . . . Steve . . . Steve is lost. . . . I . . ."

But there was no use. I gave myself up.

I won't go into the details of the next two hours and a half. The officers were nice enough to me. They admitted I was sober but they thought I was screwy. I didn't have my license with me . . . you know, evening bag too small for it . . . and I would not let them call Mrs. Lynch. I was determined that I wasn't going to be the one to tell her that her little boy hadn't carried his liquor so well. . . . Oh, I was caught in the swinging door, all right. They finally agreed to let the officer take me home, provided I would appear next day with my cards and husband, if any. They would keep the car there. I groaned at this blasting of my wild hope of going back over that maze of roads to find Steve.

Came the dawn, and I walked into the Lynch ancestral shack with police escort. And there at the foot of the stairs stood Mrs. Stephen Lynch, Sr. She gave a little squeak and seemed to reel in her tracks.

I lost control then and began to sob and cry.

"Steve," I blubbered—"Steve is lost!"

She looked over that chin of hers and said, "I don't understand, Julia. Stephen is upstairs asleep."

Now, I'm not a show girl for nothing, you know. I ran through a cycle of emotions . . . relief, fury, heartbreak, and right back to fury again. Majestically I ushered the policeman out the door, thanked him for his help, and said I would drop in tomorrow. Then, without a glance at the figure by the newel post, I marched upstairs to the bridal suite.

I heard Mrs. Lynch call, "Please, Julia . . . I want to talk to you."

But not me. I had business to attend to. I was going to tell Steve . . . But what was the use? One look at the sweet sodden mass that was my husband told me I might better stick my head out the window and bawl out the spring air. A note pinned to his pajamaed chest read, "In case of fire or the return of Julie, please waken gently." Steve was regarding the whole thing as a joke.

I undressed and crawled into bed; I thought to spend endless hours of misery. A rap at the door told me Mrs. Lynch still wanted to talk to me, but I wouldn't answer. I had unhappy things to brood over. For Steve Lynch to go off to sleep and leave that woman thinking . . . well, just what she would think: that her daughter-in-law had behaved so badly a policeman had to bring her in . . . a rowdy, bawdy . . . I began to cry now at the way Steve had let me down. And as soon as I cried I went to sleep.

When I wakened, Steve was up and gone. I rose, dressed carefully, made up smartly as a modern young woman does when she is not trying to impress a mother-in-law, and walked downstairs.

Stephen Lynch, Jr., was behind a pile of wheat cakes, eating with abandon and utter lack of responsibility. Mrs. Lynch was not in the room. He greeted me cheerily.

I nodded briefly, accepted a cup of coffee, and asked calmly, "When can I catch a train for New York?"

Steve smiled at me, and I tried not to see.

"Going places, honey?"

"Yes—permanently," I said steadily as Mrs. Lynch appeared with more cakes for her darling.

Right there I intended to launch into a tirade of abuse and insult. To think that the man I loved was so yellow, was such a heel, as to let his wife take the blame for something he was afraid to tell his mother. To think that his mother was such an inhibited dried-up back number that she couldn't be tolerant of the faults of a normal grown-up man. To think that, to all intents and purposes, he was a liar . . . and she . . .

SOMETHING stopped me. I don't know just what it was, but maybe I have inherited some of the fineness and gentleness of the dear little man and woman who brought me out of the nowhere into here. . . . Anyway, I couldn't do it. Steve and I were through. And even if Mrs. Lynch had been the means of breaking up our happiness, it would be pretty skunky of me to ruin their relationship. You know, tell her Steve's liquid capacity . . . and how he underestimated it last night . . . and tell him all the snootiness she'd handed me ever since I'd met her. I saw a chance for my one good deed and I grabbed it.

"I'm going away, Mrs. Lynch. It isn't going to work out—I can see that. Last night was a dandy example of my unfitness for the role I've been trying to play here, so I'll drop out. You win. You can send my things, and Steve will find his car at the police station."

Then I bolted for the hall. Tears were blinding me; but I found my coat, turned around—and ran smack into Steve, with his mother not two steps behind.

Mrs. Lynch pushed Steve aside and in a brand-new voice said: "I'll handle this, Stephen. Julia, please come, let me talk to you. I tried to last night. I was waiting up for you, but you wouldn't listen."

Well, I couldn't refuse that, so I followed her into the living room. The details of Steve's return were told with beautiful restraint. Homing pigeon that he is, he had barged into the house somewhat sobered by a walk and bus ride, and had found an outraged mother waiting for him. With considerable courage, gained from the warmth of his condition, Steve had had a talk with her. Just what ground he covered I couldn't at first make out, but on my astonished ears fell these gentle lines delivered by Mrs. Lynch:

"Let's just forget everything, Julia, and start over. Can't we do that? Can't we forget everything unpleasant, Julia, and start over?"

GET it? She was willing to forget my drunken return in the custody of an officer . . . my little sally into the gutter . . . my unseemly behavior in misplacing my husband. And Steve was willing to stand right there and never lift his voice to defend me. And while my heart cried out, "Stevie . . . Stevie," I numbly shook my head.

Then I heard Mrs. Lynch saying, "Stephen has made me understand a great many things now, my dear, and I want to apologize for any hurt I may have given you. I want you to stay, Julia, and be happy."

She wasn't even thinking about last night! She was thinking about the past months!

"If you can forgive me for being a silly old woman and a doting mother, I really would like to be friends."

And then she patted me and said smilingly, "I think silver fox will be very becoming to you, my dear."

I looked blankly at Steve, and he smiled at me.

"You see, honey, mother is not a betting woman, so I had to make a pretty one-sided bet here last night. I bet that you would walk in here this morning and take all the blame for my going off the deep end at the party. Between you and me, mother would a lot rather lose the silver fox than to lose you. So I win all around."

Steve's arms are nice and hard and kind of suffocating; but what really took my breath away was the next act. Just as my mother-in-law—you know, Mrs. Stephen Lynch, Sr.—was discreetly leaving the room, she patted me again, and right off the end of that aristocratic chin of hers fell these words: "Julie dear, I think you are swell!"

THE END

YOU CAN'T USE MY OFFICE TO RECOVER FROM A PARTY!

Then he found out how to *LOOK* fit— *FEEL* fit— *FASTER*

● No boss blames you for a party after hours—but why should he pay good money to a half-alive victim of morning-after?

Don't risk a job—take Bromo-Seltzer. This world-famous remedy makes you *feel* fit—*look* fit—faster! Doctors' tests proved this. It clears the head, settles the stomach, soothes the nerves.

It ALKALIZES, too—reduces excess acidity caused by over-hearty eating or drinking.

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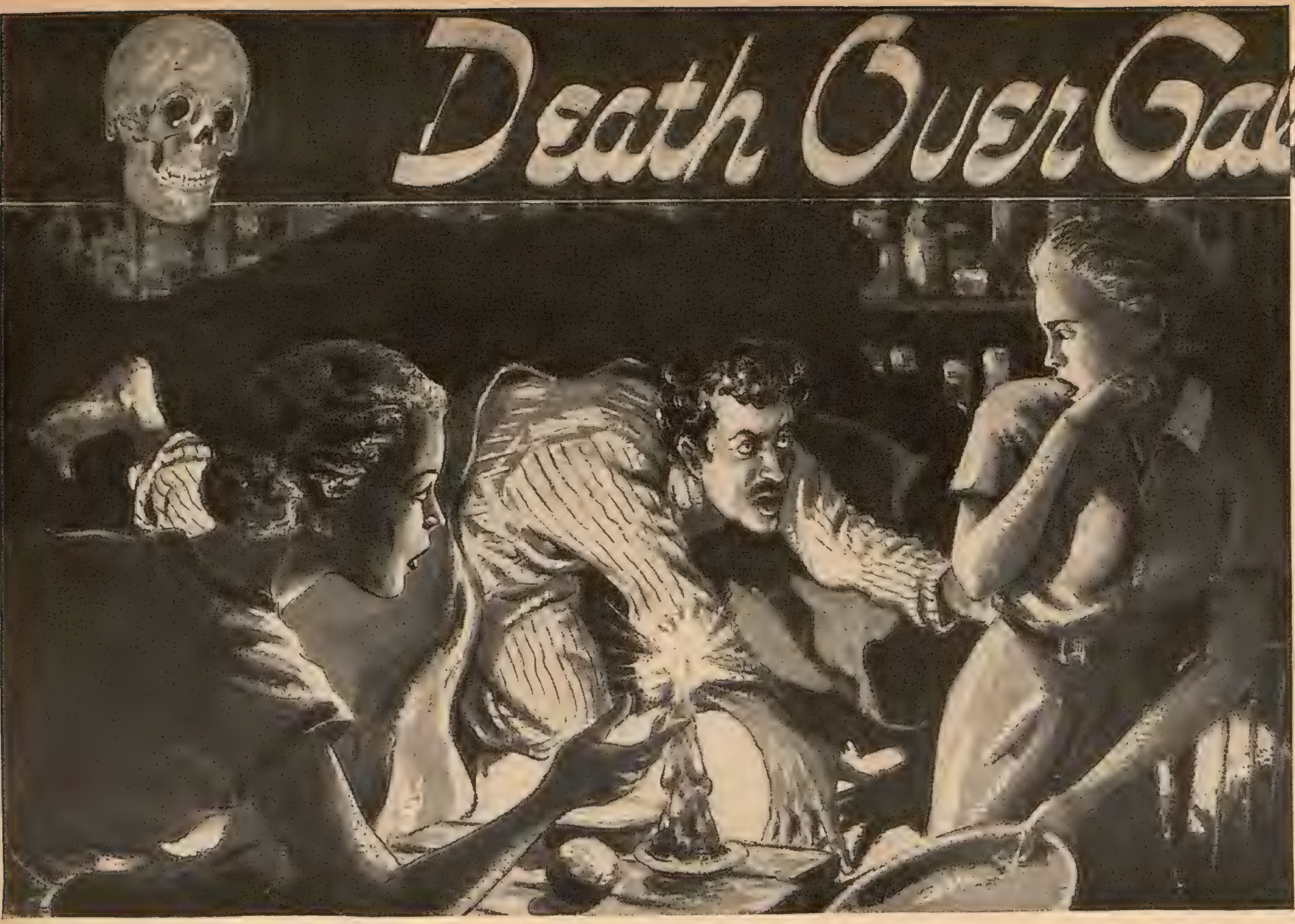

The doctor noticed Frau Körwin's presence. Suddenly he raised himself. She screamed and drew back.

PART FOUR—CONCLUSION

READING TIME ● 10 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

MADAME'S wigwam was empty, Lorenz reported. Next day he went down to Post Office Bay. There he found nothing except recent footprints in the sand. Frau Wagner-Bousquet had really left. When they heard, the Ritters danced for joy.

We found out nothing more about the departure of the Baroness. Once Lorenz told us she had said to him that if they could not part in amity he would be arrested whenever he set foot in Europe; that the letter arranging it was all ready. He said excitedly, "This woman wrecked my youth. What am I today? A physical and mental wreck!" He told us how, when he was a jobless clerk in Paris, one evening an elderly German lady appeared at his lodging and invited him to visit her daughter-in-law, Mme. Bousquet. Lorenz thereupon moved into the home of the Bousquets and he and madame conducted a travel service which took them especially to Germany and Belgium. On those trips, he freely admitted, they took with them out of hotel rooms whatever they could. Then after a few years he and the Baroness started a shop, with his money, under his own name.

The mother-in-law of the Baroness now introduced Robert Philippson, a commercial clerk, into the Bousquet ménage. The Baroness was needing a change. Philippson too had an affair with her. For what reason they left Paris, Lorenz did not say; but they got funds by selling the business, and they shipped third class on a Holland freighter to Floreana. When they got to Guayaquil, madame changed her name to Baroness Wagner, and announced Lorenz and Philippson as her architect and her engineer—for her hotel. The motive was to create a sensation and to impress Americans, and by this roundabout way perhaps reach Hollywood.

Lorenz was thirty-three now, feeble and tubercular. For hours he would sit by himself, weeping quietly.

April 5. At last we have the longed-for rain. On Sunday the Ritters came up. The doctor had with him a report he had prepared in which he expressed the conjecture that the Baroness and Philippson had consumed the remainder of their whisky and committed suicide.

Heinz went with the Ritters over to the wigwam, and presently Lorenz began a sale of madame's possessions. Whatever articles of value she owned had been bought with Lorenz' money, so he was legally free to sell them. The wrangling between Lorenz and Frau Körwin smelled of the Orient.

May —. Lorenz was now a very sick man, but he made himself as useful as he could. He took his trunks down to Post Office Bay, to be prepared to embark whenever a ship came. Next time he went down, one had come and gone, and the trunks were broken into. So he moved down there. Finally he came back to us. When he went down the next time, of course a ship had come and gone. And his trunks were robbed again. He took all the things that were left and hid them in the brush.

HEINZ WITTMER CONTINUES THE DIARY

July 18. The *garua* weather continues. We are now alone again. Last week the Norwegian, Nuggerud, came from Santa Cruz on his yacht Dynamita, bringing with him Rolf Blomberg, a young Swedish writer. Blomberg stayed two days with us; a nice, congenial person. When the ship left, Lorenz was on her, bound for Santa Cruz. From there he planned to go to Guayaquil, get his papers straightened out, communicate with a brother in Germany, and then come back here. He wants to wait here for the Velero III, which is due in January, and get back to Germany in the spring.

July 19. We walked along the shore to the old stone house, and found Lorenz' three trunks, the top one open.

pagos BY GRETA WITTMER

The last woman on Floreana ends her story of its tragic, baffling mystery

It contained clean linen, photographs, a book of the voyage of the Blue Delphin to the Galápagos. We locked it. On the way home we noticed Dr. Ritter's wheelbarrow near the wigwam. Later we met him. He was carrying on his back a stove he had wanted to buy from Lorenz but which, after some row with Frau Körwin, Lorenz had refused to sell him. The doctor insisted he paid for it.

July 24. Greta and I were at Ritter's on Sunday. Frau Dora took up her favorite subject—that women are all animals and need to be trained by men, with beatings if necessary. Greta dryly remarked that she got along very well without thrashings, but did not begrudge Frau Dora her need of them. Our leave-taking was a little cool.

August 24. It has rained this entire month. On the 21st Dr. Ritter came up with some mail which a ship had left the day before. There was a letter from Herr Blomberg from Santa Cruz. He said that on their way from Floreana to Santa Cruz they sighted the Christobal, and Lorenz begged to be taken next day to Chatham to catch it there, so that he wouldn't have to wait four weeks for its return. In spite of the rough sea, Nuggerud, Lorenz, and an Indian started out. That is six weeks ago, and they have never arrived in Chatham.

The next day I went to Post Office Bay to bring up Lorenz' trunks. Photographs and the book The Blue Delphin were gone from the one I had locked. I took the remaining luggage home with me. I listed everything, so that if Lorenz never turned up I could write to his brother for instructions.

August 26. Company. Three Germans, to stay several weeks and hunt. They will live in the pirates' cave.

September 10. On Sunday the three Germans and we were at Dr. Ritter's. After Frau Körwin heard that one of them is writing for American newspapers she became much interested in him.

September 29. Two of the hunters stopped at Dr. Ritter's today. With no provocation, Frau Dora began to turn her tongue loose on Greta. Dr. Ritter explained to the men that he could not shut her mouth. Several days later he spoke to me of Frau Dora's outbreaks, and said she is gradually getting worse. He also said she had been sterilized.

He is very unhappy, he told me. I thought he looked ill.

November 9. On the 6th we had a visit from the American, Captain Lord, whose sailing vessel, the Seth Parker, lay in Post Office Bay a few days. Greta and I spent an enjoyable day aboard.

November 14. On Sunday Greta and I took down to Friedo a new rooster the doctor had asked for. Over half their chickens had died suddenly, from eating some spoiled meat that Dr. Ritter had thrown out to them. He had cooked and preserved the dead chickens, and offered us some, which we declined. We promised him some of our chickens, and next day he came for them. In payment for six chickens Greta asked back the book I had had to give him once for three. He wasn't pleased.

November 20. Frau Dora came to ask me to see Dr. Ritter, who was ill with meat poisoning. When I got to Friedo, the doctor could neither speak nor see, but he heard everything and was fully conscious. He would write on a pad what he wanted to say. Frau Dora gave us the following report of his illness:

On November 19 they had boiled and eaten some of the meat of the dead chickens which they had preserved. Today Dr. Ritter had felt ill and told her he was surely poisoned, for he could no longer see. She herself, having induced vomit-

She declared that he told her to write out a bulletin of his illness and death, which she did, and gave to every visitor who came.

Many Never Suspect Cause Of Backaches

This Old Treatment Often Brings Happy Relief

Many sufferers relieve nagging backache quickly, once they discover that the real cause of their trouble may be tired kidneys.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking the excess acids and waste out of the blood. Most people pass about 3 pints a day or about 3 pounds of waste.

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An excess of acids or poisons in your blood, when due to functional kidney disorders, may be the cause of nagging backache, rheumatic pains, lumbago, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness.

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FOLEY'S *Honey & Tar* **COUGH SYRUP**

ing, escaped. Shortly after I got there the doctor had a choking spell. He wrote that mucus was closing his windpipe. We tried to relieve him but could not. Then he wrote that it was all no use, he would have to die, and that I was to have pity on him and shoot him. He resisted Frau Körwin's attempt to give him an injection of morphine. In fact, he fought off every touch from her, striking and kicking.

Toward six o'clock he was unable to write. He allowed Greta to change his bed and stroked her hands in gratitude. To her and to me he raised his folded hands as if in supplication. Frau Körwin lay down to rest. Then he was quiet. But when at nine o'clock she came to relieve us, he noticed her presence. Suddenly he raised himself and stared at her. She screamed and drew back. Then he turned over. And soon she went up and touched him, and he was dead.

Greta remained with Frau Dora that night. I went home to look after the children. Frau Dora said to Greta, "For a long time now we have not understood each other. My life here was pure hell." Next day I brought Harry down with me to bury Dr. Ritter.

In the afternoon we went home. Greta told me that Frau Körwin talked all night. According to her, Dr. Ritter had a secret with Lorenz, and had said she must be pleasant because Lorenz could, if he wished, put the doctor into the penitentiary. She explained that the doctor's gesture of the folded hands raised to us had been a plea for forgiveness. She would not tell what there was to forgive, and we knew of nothing.

When we went down the next day, she declared she was not worth the trouble we were taking for her—that we did not know how unfairly she had dealt with us. She now declared that Dr. Ritter had died of pneumonia.

Greta often stayed with her overnight now, and more and more we were compelled to doubt her sanity. She wanted to leave the island as soon as possible because she felt she would be murdered here. Also, she was under the delusion that she still had a great work to accomplish; namely, to labor to have Dr. Ritter recognized by the world as a philosopher. Once she declared that she was receiving orders from the doctor. He ordered her to write out a bulletin of his illness and death, which she did and gave to any visitor who came.

December 6. To our amazement, the Velero III appeared in Black Beach Bay. Captain Hancock brought us the news that the bodies of Lorenz and Nuggerud had been found on the waterless island of Maichena by an American fishing vessel, the Santa Amaro. Mail from us was found on one of the bodies.

I can still see Lorenz putting our packet of letters into his pocket and waving farewell to us. Shortly before he left Floreana he received a letter from Panama. It was properly addressed, but he insisted he did not know the writer and that the contents were unintelligible to him. There was talk in it of bad times and arrests. Presumably it was in code. He immediately burned it, and it caused him to alter his travel plans. Poor fellow, did you take a secret with you?

Frau Dora sailed on the Velero III. At her request, Greta stayed with her the night before, and Frau Dora spent part of the time berating her benefactress. I am to look after Friedo and manage it for at least a year. Frau Körwin thinks that a nephew of the doctor will come here and take it over.

The day after it left, the Velero III reappeared in Black Beach Bay. A report was wanted on the disappearance of the Baroness. I went along to the ship, and after dinner a report was drawn up and signed by Frau Körwin and myself.

On the day after the yacht again departed we received a Guayaquil newspaper containing an article written by Dr. Ritter about the disappearance of the Baroness. Its climax was the assertion that we knew particulars concerning this event. Now we knew what it was that Dr. Ritter, in his last hour, was asking us to forgive. He had cast suspicion upon us. And why had he waited to until Lorenz had disappeared before writing that article?

On the occasion of the visit of a German newspaperman, Ritter had appeared with a book containing pictures of Buddha statues. In my presence he asked the German, "Do you see any resemblance between the features of the Buddha picture and my own features?" Of a Danish writer who visited him he asked, "Am I not Faust?"

Certainly a normal man would not have made some of the arrangements we found at Friedo.

When we were clearing out the place we came upon a very heavy pillow, and opened it. Enclosed in a packing of horsehair thirty centimeters thick there was a common stone. Upon that Ritter used to rest his thought-weary head. Strewn about in Friedo we found drafts of letters written by them both to Frau Körwin's former husband. There were lists of things wanted. On Dr. Ritter's list were supplies, practical things for the household. On Frau Dora's, "2 elegant suits of underwear—*no* rayon."

January, 1935. On Dr. Ritter's grave I have set up a cross and marker. Let Friedo sink back into the sleep out of which it has several times been awakened, and into which, each time a human life has been lost, it has sunk again. Who knows if it will wake once more? This enchanted island is hostile to men. It fights and it will not be conquered.

But Greta and I, and Harry and Rolf, we have conquered a little piece of it. We have named our house after an early settlement here, Casa de la Paz. Only on Floreana did the real meaning of life come to us all.

THE END

Shirley Temple for Christmas!

A mellow childhood classic of the '80s brings you a preview of holiday cheer; Mr. Arliss follows the Jolly Roger, and Mr. Cantor takes the New Deal to Bagdad

By BEVERLY HILLS

READING TIME ● 10 MINUTES 23 SECONDS

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT 2 STARS—GOOD
1 STAR—POOR 0 STAR—VERY POOR

Little Heidi and the hermit—a scene from Shirley Temple's latest.

★ ★ ★ ½ HEIDI

THE PLAYERS: Shirley Temple, Jean Hersholt, Arthur Treacher, Helen Westley, Pauline Moore, Thomas Beck, Mary Nash, Sidney Blackmer, Mady Christians, Sig Rumann, Marcia Mae Jones, Delmar Watson, Egon Brecher, Christian Rub, George Humbert. Screen play by Walter Ferris and Julian Josephson from the novel by Johanna Spyri. Directed by Allan Dwan. Produced by Twentieth Century-Fox. Running time, 88 minutes.*

PROBABLY little Shirley Temple's best picture—and an ideal preholiday film. Johanna Spyri's Christmas tinsel romance of the little girl who reclaims an embittered old mountaineer exile in the Swiss Alps from his hatred of the world. Little Heidi brings light and love to the lonely mountain cabin—and then she is stolen away by a mercenary aunt and taken to far Frankfort to become the companion of a rich little crippled girl. Everything comes to a compelling climax in the snow-swept streets of Frankfort as gift-laden homegoers chant Christmas carols.

There are many really touching moments, thanks to little Miss Temple's simple ingenuousness and the fine playing of Jean Hersholt as the old hermit. And Allan Dwan's direction is expert. The film retains all the directness and simplicity of the childhood classic that went beyond the barriers of language and race to touch the youthful hearts of the world.

VITAL STATISTICS: This was made by popular request, studio deliberately waiting till $2,000,000 Temple got to be 8. Seems that Heidi was 8 and Big Chief Zanuck didn't want to commit litry sacrilege by allowing even the great Temple to play it before. Written in 1880, Heidi was first published in Germany; has been read by millions, but Swiss authoress' Spyri's name has yet to crash the encyclopedias. . . . It's the first book Shirley knew other than by script. She read it while making Wee Willie Winkie. Her first question was whether she'd be allowed to milk a goat. Shirley now asks anybody who asks her for her autograph for theirs. Her royalties from clothing, dolls, gadgets, books, and what nots bearing her name bring in almost as much as her weekly salary. . . . This is Jean Hersholt's 436th picture. That make-up and crepe hair were so arduous to put on and tote around, he lost 15 lbs., which he can very easily do without. The make-up included belts, corsets, padding, shoes that heightened him 4 inches; took 2 hours to get into, 1 to get out of. He rose at 4 A. M. on location in the San Bernardino Mts. to make the set by 8 o'clock. Shirley calls him grandfather. He says she's the best actress he ever knew. . . . Arthur Treacher's been so many gentlemen's gentlemen he can't stand one around his own house. He was born in England just 20 miles from where they found the skull of the Piltdown Man, but says it was just a coincidence. . . . Pauline Moore is really Pauline Love; changed her name because she thought nobody'd believe it. . . . A square city block was covered with quaint bldgs. and phony ice; overhead was hung a gigantic black canvas, and thus was the city of Frankfort on Christmas, 1878, created. . . . Shirley was butted by Old Turk, who gets $5.50 per butt because he butts gently; has had movie experience.

★ ★ ½ DOCTOR SYN

THE PLAYERS: George Arliss, Margaret Lockwood, John Loder, Roy Emerton, Graham Moffatt, Frederick Burtwell, George Merritt, Athole Stewart, Wilson Coleman, Wally Patch, Meinhart Maur. Screen play by Roger Burford based on Russell Thorndyke's novel. Directed by Roy Neill. Produced by Gaumont-British. Running time, 77 minutes.

YOUR Beverly Hills never expected to see George Arliss as a pirate or even a retired buccaneer. Yet Arliss is such a good actor that nothing is impossible to him. He makes a convincing follower of the Jolly Roger.

The bloody Captain Clegg is supposed to lie in the quiet churchyard of a little English fishing village. Actually he is the community's beloved rector, Dr. Syn, who is alternating between prayers and smuggling. Most of the other pirates, too, have taken up less rigorous professions. Comes a British force to investigate.

The tale has a certain nightmarish quality, for Dr. Syn, otherwise Clegg, has a bloodthirsty deaf-and-dumb mulatto on his trail. Arliss does the rector-pirate with his usual suave expertness and dry humor. Roy Emerton gives vigor to the British captain

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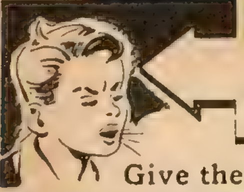
* Recommended for children.



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WOODSTOCK TYPEWRITERS

on the trail of the smugglers, and Meinhart Maur makes the mulatto something to haunt your dreams after eating a Welsh rabbit at 2 A. M.

VITAL STATISTICS: As you probably know, George Arliss was born on Good Friday; his father, a publisher, was known as the Duke of Bloomsbury. This is the most physical role Arliss has ever played; it's the first time he's ever handled a gun. Who knows—he may yet play a gangster! That rumored knighthood has never come through, but Arliss doesn't seem to care: American democracy has left its impress on him. . . . Margaret Lockwood is a Sydenham High School gal and Arliss' personal choice for his supporting screen ingenue. She is 19, has brown hair and green eyes, likes to swim and fence, can sing, trained as a dancer. . . . Born in '88, Wally Patch used to be a dentist, boxing promoter, nite-club proprietor, and sand-blaster. . . . With all the old towns around, the Gaumont-Britishers had to use the old town of Dymchurch, near Romney Marsh, which figures largely in the action. The marshes still retain old Roman walls; were there when King Alfred thrived. Cast worked willingly in the mud, braved quicksands, the marshes supposedly being scenes in the African wetlands. . . . Meinhart Maur, who plays the tongueless mulatto, is naturally another of those Shakespearean actors from Vienna who knows his way about on the English stage and in the English language. . . . Graham Moffatt used to be a page boy around Gaumont studio.

★ ★ ½ ALI BABA GOES TO TOWN

THE PLAYERS: Eddie Cantor, Tony Martin, Roland Young, June Lang, Louise Hovick, John Carradine, Virginia Field, Alan Dinehart, Douglas Dumbrille, Maurice Cass, Warren Hymer, Stanley Fields, Paul Hurst, Douglas Wood, Sidney Fields, Ferdinand Gottschalk, Charles Lane. Screen play by Harry Tugend and Jack Yellen, based on a story by Gene Towne, Graham Baker, and Gene Fowler. Directed by David Butler. Produced by Twentieth Century-Fox. Running time, 82 minutes.

MR. ROOSEVELT'S New Deal comes in for a guardedly humorous razzing in this.

The comic with the wistful banjo eyes plays a screen-struck youth who invades Hollywood, falls asleep on the big location set of an Arabian fantasy—and dreams he is Ali Baba in old Bagdad. Ali applies New Deal ideas to the Sultan's management of the City of a Thousand and One Nights, and in no time at all Ali is running for President of a newly created Bagdad republic built on the Roosevelt formula.

Mark Twain used this idea in A Connecticut Yankee at King Arthur's Court. Far be it from us to make comparisons, but Ali Baba is not Cantor's best. There are laughs in this ornate spectacle-with-songs but the events never become hilarious.

VITAL STATISTICS: Eddie Popeye Cantor's been off the screen for a year and a half. Made about $7,000,000 for Goldwyn. Started off first day of shooting by bumping his head while getting into his auto and knocking himself out. Taken to a hospital for X rays, he reported that physicians found "nothing, except some old jokes." . . . Cast so's to offset Cantor's socko gags with quiet drollery, Roland (Always) Young is fresh from Topper; thought it was like stepping from an unreal world into a real. . . . Strip-tease Louise Hovick as the Sultana wore so many pearls and flowing gowns it took two maids to carry her skirts from place to place when she moved around. . . . Always the villain, John Carradine refused to shave his mustache to play the hisser in this; looks on the mustache like a pet dog; says it's his trade-mark. . . . Alan Dinehart, playing a director, tried to imitate David Butler, until Butler caught on; made him lampoon another. . . . Ass't Director Sidney Fields during filming became head of Cantor's Radio Gag Factory; plays various parts on the program. . . . To writer Harry Tugend was born a son, breaking the tradition that any one associating with Cantor would get the frailer kind. . . . Bagdad was raised on lot next door to Twentieth-Fox. . . . Jamiel Hasson, Damascus-born Arab, technical-advised this; saw that no Turk could be offended. . . . June Lang's fresh new marriage with Vic Orsatti is in the closing-performance stage. . . . Gene Towne and Graham Baker had a crack at this script; are best peddlers of original stories. Have sold as many as $150,000 worth a year; get about $50,000 a script for the ones they tinker with. In hot weather they work in shorts. Baker used to be a newspaperman; fired Towne when he was story editor at Warner Brothers. Both are bald, are married, have daughters; take vacations from each other as far apart as possible.

★ ★ ½ SUBMARINE D-I

THE PLAYERS: Pat O'Brien, George Brent, Wayne Morris, Frank McHugh, Doris Weston, Ronald Reagan, Henry O'Neill, Dennie Moore, Veda Ann Borg, Regis Toomey, Broderick Crawford, John Ridgely, Owen King, Wally Maher, Jerry Fletcher. Screen play by Frank Wead, Warren Duff, and Lawrence Kimble from a story by Mr. Wead. Directed by Lloyd Bacon. Produced by Warner Brothers. Running time, 105 minutes.

BUILT about the men who go down *in* the sea in ships, this picture possesses remarkable glimpses of a submarine prowling the ocean depths, still more remarkable sequences of a sub lying, battered and helpless, on the ocean floor, and of the rescue of the imprisoned men. But the story is another one of those comedy feuds, a tough petty officer at eternal odds with a brash, equally tough gob.

The acting? Adequate enough, with Pat O'Brien and Wayne Morris as the amusing rivals and George Brent a sympathetic lieutenant commander.

This all depends upon your interest in submarines.

VITAL STATISTICS: While other countries throw their navies into action against each other, the U. S. throws its resources behind the making of entertainment such as this. The navy loaned Newport, R. I., Coco Solo in the Canal Zone, San Diego base, subs, battleships, cruisers, airplanes, gobs, marines, peacetime war maneuvers. . . . When shooting around the naval bases, the navy ran the picture and everybody toed the mark. Washington O. K.'d the story. Innards of subs were duplicated at the studio, but if you look closely, you'll see there are changes which didn't confuse the action but will certainly confuse the foreign nation that might decide to swipe some of Uncle Sam's naval secrets. . . . Ordinarily it takes three years for a man to jump from First Class torpedo man to chief petty officer, but Wayne Morris does it overnight for story purposes. Don't write in and complain; the navy O. K.'d it. . . . Pat O'Brien enlisted in the navy at 17 but never got aboard a battleship till he was 34—in Here Comes the Navy. . . . Frank McHugh got seasick throughout this. Asked a sailor what was good for it, and was told "The best thing is to sit in the shade of a tree!" Was too weak to protest. . . . This is Bert de Wayne Morris Jr.'s second picture, he having sprung full-grown to stardom in Kid Galahad. . . . Doris Weston, who is Doris Wester, is an acting-school grad, wants to be a great star; hates pink sleeve garters, fingernail biters. Is a china-dog-and-pelican collector.

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

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★★★—The Awful Truth, Ebb Tide, First Lady, Angel, Something to Sing About, Varsity Show, The Prisoner of Zenda, Thin Ice, Broadway Melody of 1938, Vogues of 1938, Dead End, Victoria the Great, Souls at Sea, Artists and Models, Saratoga, Topper, Easy Living, The Toast of New York, King Solomon's Mines, Wee Willie Winkie, The Road Back, Mountain Music, The Singing Marine, A Day at the Races, Parnell, I Met Him in Paris, This Is My Affair, Café Metropole, Night Must Fall.

Passion Before Marriage

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BY FREDERICK L. COLLINS

Youth at the Threshold

ARE OUR HIGH-SCHOOL CHILDREN PLAYING WITH FIRE?

READING TIME ● 13 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

So much has been said of late about a widespread increase of premarital sex experience that Liberty—convinced of youth's fundamental soundness, yet clear-eyed and open-minded as to facts—has assigned Mr. Collins to get at the truth. He has gone for it not to statistics but to life, to youth itself. His first article presenting his findings appeared in Liberty's issue of November 27.

ACCORDING to some of the severer critics of modern youth, sexual conditions in high schools are even more demoralized than they seem to be in colleges—chiefly, it is said, because younger girls know less and hence sometimes have no thought of consequences.

There is force in this explanation. A young schoolgirl was taken to a doctor who pronounced her pregnant. She admitted that she had received her introduction to sex at a house party attended by six boys and six girls. Asked to tell which one of the six boys was the father of her child, she sobbed: "I really don't know."

The best available figures indicate that more than half of the boys who " go wrong " in college have already done so before entering that institution. In the case of girls the percentage is even higher. Nearly two thirds of the girls who go all the way in college have already done so in high school. The general import of these figures is borne out by the testimony of experienced high-school teachers.

" Last spring," writes one such, " the senior prom was held, as usual, in the city athletic club ballroom, adjoining a beautiful park. I have been on the chaperon list for the past two years, and on both occasions it has been very much the same sort of sickening brawl. While the chaperons play bridge in the parlor, the children take their blankets into the dark beyond."

And again: "'An enamored couple was missed from one of my own high-school classes during a morning hour recently. They were found in the tonneau of a car parked on the school grounds. There was no doubt about what they were up to."

It is difficult to believe stories like these about the very young. On the other hand, when they come from the lips of reputable educators it is impossible to ignore them.

"Those youngsters, all half-naked, lie around there all day long, drinking champagne."

By the same token, it was difficult to believe that little Helen ——, just out of high school, would carry in her handbag a contraceptive. But, only the day before, outside the restaurant toward which I was now hurrying, I had seen the thing spill out of her purse on to the seat of her father's automobile.

Presently I should know the truth about this disconcerting incident, and should have what turned out to be

CASE HISTORY No. 2

"It must be what they read that does it!"

I gathered from Gus' horrified tone that "it" was the sexual behavior of American youth.

"Oh," I said, "a good book never hurt any one."

"I don't mean good books—I mean this Freud or whatever his name is. I hear 'em quoting him all the time. They ought to stop all that kind of stuff!"

Several times I had heard that sentiment from the lips of anxious parents. There was, I had found, little to be gained by telling people who feel that way about the even greater evils of censorship.

Of course the situation is easy to make light of *if it isn't your daughter.* But there was no use going into all this with Gus. So I contented myself with:

"Perhaps *some* of the books young folks read nowadays do have a bad effect, Gus. It's a difficult problem."

"I know, sir. And the drinking—that gets 'em, too. I was talking with my brother, and he says I don't know the half of that."

"Is your brother a restaurant man, Gus?"

"No, sir; a butler. In one of those swank places up Connecticut way—swimming pool, tennis courts, private golf course. They have a boathouse there, too, a sort of pleasure casino—and the rich kids from all that part of the country make it their headquarters. They come in the morning for breakfast, and stay all day.

"It's a part of Hans' duties to take down a hamper of sandwiches and coffee at nine o'clock every morning. At ten he wheels down a case of champagne—"

"A case?"

"Every morning, sir; and he says there isn't enough left by cocktail time to wet your whistle with. Those youngsters, all half naked—the girls in trunks and halters, and the boys just in trunks—lie around there all day from ten o'clock on, drinking champagne. Hans says he's seen fifteen-year-olds hauled out in the middle of the afternoon so drunk they can't stand, and thrown into cars by chauffeurs that are waiting for them.

"One day, Hans says, he saw a couple stagger out together—about sixteen, he thought they were; maybe the boy was a little older—both very drunk, the girl especially. Somehow they managed to climb into a roadster, bound, as he afterward found out, for an Inspiration Point place up the road. They were both in bathing suits, the girl's halter hanging down on one side.

THREE quarters of an hour later the roadster came back, weaving along the driveway, with only the boy aboard. That same afternoon a radio police car, touring the neighborhood, found the naked body of the girl beside the road. The boy said she was so drunk he couldn't get her back into the car. So he just left her.

"Hans told me their names. I knew 'em right away. Big people—their families, I mean."

"Gus, I don't doubt your brother's word," I said. "I have heard of experiences like that during my investigations. But, honestly, I think they are confined to a small class of the over-rich. I am pretty well convinced that the present situation among the great mass of young people is not of the orgy variety.

"There is undoubtedly a great deal of drinking among very young boys and girls, and drinking of hard liquor, too. Sometimes this results in promiscuous relations which might not otherwise occur. But the boys and girls themselves say it is by no means the rule.

"Personally, I am inclined to agree with one investigator who, after talking with hundreds of youngsters, said that 'if a girl drinks excessively, it is because she is inclined to be irresponsible and avid for a good time at any price. And if she is that sort, she can be about as easily seduced as persuaded to take another drink.'"

"Don't you believe it!"

I got up somewhat shamefacedly to greet my luncheon "date"; but I was the only one who was shamefaced.

"You could persuade me to take a drink right now—in fact, you couldn't persuade me not to—but it takes a better man than you are, Gunga Din—"

"Your old-fashioned, Miss ——, with Scotch."

It was good old Gus who was saving my blushes.

"Well, Big Boy," she mocked, as she withdrew her eager lips from between the slice of orange and the pineapple stick, "I suppose you think I don't know why I'm being honored with a free lunch this noon."

"I don't think you could even remotely guess."

"I don't have to guess. I know. You found it. Oh, you know what I mean. I left it in my purse in the car. Some one opened the purse to get the key to start the car. It must have been you or dad, and it wasn't dad, because he wasn't more than usually apoplectic that evening."

All morning I had been contriving ways of leading up delicately to this subject. And now this eighteen-year-old chit was treating the whole matter as casually as if she had dropped her handkerchief.

"Were you glad I found it, and not your father?" I asked when I recovered.

"Definitely. You'd understand, but he'd be shocked."

"Well, Helen, I must confess—"

"Now don't tell me *you* have gone Sir Galahad on me."

"I admit it gave me a jolt to—"

"I know: to find a pure young girl you'd known from childhood—those were going to be your very words!—carrying contraceptives. That's it, isn't it?"

"That's it," I agreed.

I SUPPOSE it *was* a shock to you, old-timer. I hadn't thought of it that way. That's the trouble—what's natural and wise and fine to us seems unnatural and unwise and smutty to you."

"Do you think it is natural and wise and fine for a young unmarried girl—"

"To use contraceptives? No. Or to let herself get into a fix where she has to use them, either, if she can help herself. I've never used them. I've never had to. That surprises you, doesn't it? Probably you don't believe it. But it happens to be true."

I had a feeling, somehow, that it *was* true.

"I'm a petter, I admit," she continued. "As Winchell says, I've been on more laps than a napkin. But you've got to do that these days, or the boy friend thinks you're a dud. It's a sort of game, you know."

"And you always win?"

"I have so far."

"Then why the elaborate precautions?"

"Why not? Sometime I might not win."

"You mean the boy friend might overcome you?"

"Overcome? What a dear Victorian word! I suppose, though, it's fairly descriptive of what might happen. Hank Street—you remember the Hunk—is the sweetest fellow really, but he can't carry his liquor. I never go out with Hank without taking one of those things."

"Just in case?"

"Exactly. Hank's very fond of me. I think he loves me. Anyhow, I know just as well as I know I'm sitting here that he wouldn't go any farther with me than I was willing he should, *if* he was in his right mind. But you can't tell about drunks. They can't tell, either. So Preparedness, that's me!"

I suppose I should have been relieved by this thoroughly logical explanation; but I could think of nothing but the bald callousness of it. If Helen had been having an affair with this boy, I could not have approved, but I would have understood. If she had confessed to an overwhelming passion for him, against which she was fighting, I could have sympathized. But there was no poetry, no romance, in the picture she had drawn for me.

"You think me cold-blooded, don't you? Well, I'm not. Sometimes I wish I were! The Hunk isn't the only one I need to be on my guard against, and it isn't their fault, either. They don't get drunk, or if they do they don't show it, but they've got that something. You know what I mean?"

I did know; but it shook me a bit to realize that this girl knew.

"That's why I laughed when you used the word 'overcome,'" she went on. "I know it was the gallant thing in your day to picture man as the aggressor and woman as his reluctant victim. There's some truth in it, too, even today. The boy friend thinks he has to urge you on just to show his manliness. As a matter of fact, a girl would think she must have failed somehow to be attractive if he didn't. That's just routine stuff. What nobody in your generation seems to realize is that the thing which is most likely to 'overcome' a girl is the desire which she herself has."

"How long do you think you can go on," I asked, "winning the game?"

"Honestly, I don't know. The girls of your generation seem to have gotten along pretty well. At least, that's what they say now. But I can't believe that they didn't have the same desires that we have."

"Perhaps they didn't have the same opportunities."

I was thinking of the changes the automobile had made, and the cocktail parties, and, especially, the petting.

"Petting does keep us pretty well stirred up. The music too, and the drinks. The combination of all three is a little too much for even a nice girl to stand.

What had Helen's mother to say of her own attitude toward youth's "new freedom"? Mr. Collins will tell you frankly in an early issue.

"Then there's curiosity. Girls are encouraged nowadays to exercise their curiosity about most things. If they are normal, they can't help asking, 'What is this fun the men have been having all these years?' and 'Is it fun, anyhow?' I admit I'd like to know.

"The boys have a new argument for us, too. 'Oh, come on, what's the dif?' they say. 'You can take care of yourself. You won't get into trouble. No one will know.' Of course that isn't true, even yet; but it is so much more true than it used to be that it's a lot harder to say 'No,' especially if you love the boy and really want to say 'Yes.'

"I've never said the wrong word yet, but I admit the situation has me pretty well buffaloed. What do you think, old-timer? Is there anything to this virginity racket, or isn't there?"

I did what I could for the eternal verities, and when I had finished she said she pretty much agreed with me.

"In the meantime," she concluded, "with your kind permission, I'll continue to practice preparedness."

She held up her handbag and shook it defiantly in my face. Suddenly I had a most depressing picture of this child sneaking into a drugstore or pulling up at a lonely filling station to buy these instruments of what she called preparedness.

The picture wouldn't leave. "Would you mind telling me," I finally blurted, "how you get—"

"Certainly not. Mother gives them to me."

END OF CASE HISTORY No. 2

Which brings us to the most amazing difference between the present situation and that of a decade and a half ago: the attitude of the children's elders. Returning to the two youngsters who were found in an automobile on the school grounds, the most significant thing is the punishment meted out to them:

"The teacher who found them gave them an unexcused absence cut and sent them on to their next class."

Obviously, that teacher had, quite as much as the children themselves, "gone a long way since Plymouth." She treated the performance she had witnessed as a minor incident in her day's work. Her predecessors would have called the principal or the parents or the police. The delinquents would have been expelled from their classes and either committed to a reform school or forced into marriage.

A public-school teacher and a private-school teacher were discussing this phase of the situation.

"If we undertook nowadays to censor the sexual behavior of our students," said the former, "we wouldn't have any time for teaching."

"And if we expelled every student we caught," added the latter, "we wouldn't have any pay envelopes at the end of the month."

The attitude of teachers is important in itself, but it is even more important as a barometer. The school rules of a hundred years ago seem very humorous to us today; but it is safe to say that in 1837 they represented a considerable sector of public opinion. The indifference of the modern teacher undoubtedly represents a considerable sector of public opinion today.

How large is that sector?

A group of able investigators recently conducted a sizable house-to-house canvass on the question: "Do you think it is all right for either or both parties to a marriage to have had previous sexual experience?"

Nearly 50 per cent of those interviewed said either "Yes" or "I don't know." In other words, substantially half of a representative cross section of Americans admit to outright approval or reasonable doubt.

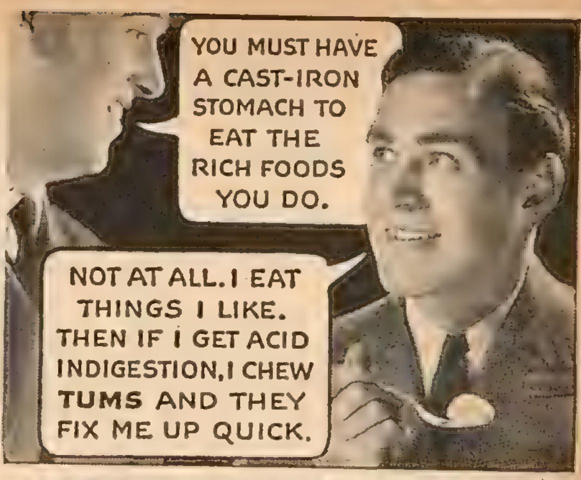
But no statistician could produce evidence which was *on the surface* anywhere nearly so alarming as that which little Helen had just given me.

I knew Helen's mother well. I had known her before her marriage. I knew her for a straight-living, straight-thinking, wholly lovable human being. I felt sure that if she had done this thing, she had done it for reasons which were, to her, compelling.

And yet—

Well, I could hardly wait to question her!

THE END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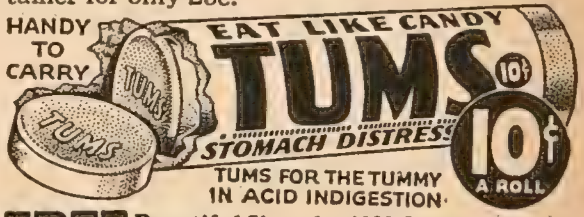

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When you catch cold and your throat feels dry or clogged, the secretions from countless tiny glands in your throat and windpipe often turn into sticky, irritating phlegm. This makes you cough.

Pertussin stimulates these glands to again pour out their natural moisture so that the annoying phlegm is loosened and easily raised. Quickly your throat is soothed, your cough relieved!

Your cough may be a warning signal from your respiratory system. Why neglect it? Do as millions have done! Use Pertussin, a safe and pleasant herbal remedy for children and grownups. Many physicians have prescribed Pertussin for over 30 years. It's safe and acts quickly. Sold at all druggists.

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Vox Pop

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Seaman Says Merchant Marine Is Too Far Gone

ORLOVISTA, FLA.—Thank you for a splendid article, Women and Children First, in October 9 Liberty. But it is too late, I'm afraid; for the American merchant marine is now too far gone, I rather believe, to be recovered.

Several years ago, just after the Morro Castle disaster, I sent you an article dealing with the then all too apparent inefficiency of the American merchant marine.

The article was based entirely on my experiences as an ordinary seaman, an able-bodied seaman, a quartermaster, and, finally, as a third officer, serving on many ships.

You did not choose to publish the article, but I am giving you a few excerpts from it which you may use as you see fit:

" My position was that of a cadet, the salary twenty-five dollars a month. The work was hard and as dirty as the ship. The food was barely fit to eat, and the crew, officers and captain included, naturalized or un-Americans. I was the only born American on an American-owned ship. In two days' time the crew and officers rode me off the ship. I couldn't speak the common language, Scandinavian, and unfortunately the crew regarded me with extreme jealousy simply because I possessed a license. Some of them openly ridiculed me for being an American citizen."

" My seagoing profession was disillusioned by the crews on so-called American ships. American shipowners seemed to comb the world for crews while *real* Americans loafed or half starved in New York City. On one particular ship, a passenger liner, I counted twenty-three nationalities in the crew alone."

" Most lifeboat drills aboard the eleven different ships on which I worked were a farce, if they were held at all. I remember one captain telling his mate during a drill, 'I don't see any reason for these drills; they only irritate the men and then they gold-brick at their work.'

" I can well remember the crews grumbling about something 'foolish and unnecessary' whenever we had a lifeboat or fire drill."

" American seamen in particular are known to be an ever-floating body of men, changing from ship to ship as the opportunity affords. The result is that most American seamen serve under a new group of officers every month. Is it reasonable to expect a man to serve a new group of leaders every few months with the same loyalty he would serve permanent leaders? "

" I was forcibly reminded one time that *new* men on a ship do not make for safety. I had just secured a position on a very large passenger ship. The voyage, round-trip, lasted three weeks. The first week, while at sea, I was lost no less than five times while making my rounds of inspection on the different decks! At the end of the voyage I still was not thoroughly acquainted with the ship. Can you imagine the confusion that would exist among the crew—who were, in the majority, new hands—in the event of collision or fire the first few days out of New York harbor? It is no less true of all ships, whether large or small."

" To my mind, a number of things are needed if the American merchant marine is to ever compete in any way with foreign shipping:

1. Permanent crews.
2. All-American crews.
3. Strict unrelaxing discipline.
4. An official shipping bureau in each seaport of the United States, controlled by the United States Steamboat Inspection Bureau, without politics or labor affiliations.
5. Compelling all passengers who purchase passage on American ships to take part in fire and lifeboat drills."—*John Forney Rudy.*

SUGGESTS A TOPIC FOR MR. MACFADDEN'S PEN

SAGINAW, MICH.—Bernarr Macfadden's editorial, Sex, in October 23 Liberty, was a masterpiece.

Please, Mr. Macfadden, let's have a blast from you on a still greater and more vicious curse to humanity—one that has caused even more misery to the people than sex; and that is, the crime of permitting the private control of our money and credit for the benefit of a few.

An exposé from you on this also vital subject through your wonderful little magazine Liberty will prove most enlightening and instructive to your host of readers.—*R. H. Knapp.*

OBJECTS TO WHOLE PAGE FOR TOM MOONEY

WASHINGTON, D. C.—This is my first and probably my last attempt at Vox-Popping. But I'm sore.

Why in the name of Liberty did you take a whole page of October 23 Vox Pop for that Tom Mooney yarn?

We can't do anything about him. If he is guilty, he is where he belongs. If he is not guilty, it is up to the State of California. And we are sorry for him and the state.

So let's keep all articles and editorials off the Vox Pop pages and everybody will be happy.

After all, that's what we pay our nickel for.—*Ralph E. May.*

"I AM THE DEAD" GIVEN ON RADIO PROGRAM

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—On Friday, October 1, of this year, the National Broadcasting Company presented one of the most dramatic appeals for safety on the highway ever to be placed on the radio. And because this idea was given birth in Liberty I thought you might like to know how it was done.

Mr. Earle C. Anthony, California distributor of Packard Motor Cars and owner of the twin radio stations in Los Angeles, KFI and KECA, is a very enthusiastic believer in traffic safety. He chanced upon William F. McDermott's poignant letter in October 9 Vox Pop, in which the writer appealed to careless and thoughtless drivers.

So unusual was this appeal that Mr. Anthony immediately suggested it be made to the huge radio audience of southern California covered by KFI. He called upon the able talents of Manager Harrison Holliway and the two worked out a method of presenting this appeal. Miss Irene Rich, noted dramatic actress, was asked to give the reading, which she did in a remarkable manner. The entire West, through KFI and the National Broadcasting Company, was thereupon given a truly great performance of I Am the Dead, first presented through the pages of Liberty.—*Don Clark, Program Director.*

A STAMP FOR JIM FARLEY

BELLINGHAM, WASH.—Let's have a new stamp. Black in color, with a hooded man on horseback, carrying the symbol KKK. Jobmaster Farley should be able to complete the design.—*C. S. Johnson.*

GENIUS COMES FROM FATHER

YANKTON, S. D.—To Mr. Macfadden and Mrs. Leighton G. Platt (October 9 Vox Pop) with reference to that housemaid mothering a genius: It doesn't matter much about the female parent, just so she has a healthy body and is not feeble-minded. Genius comes from the male parent. The talents of a mother are seldom transmitted to her children. Her physical attributes, yes, but her mentalities seldom.—*Francis E. McKay.*

HOW MANY DO YOU GET RIGHT?

DALLAS, TEX.—On a percentage basis, how many of your Twenty Questions, published each week, should be answered correctly by the average individual?—*Robert H. Rinehart.*

[Let us put this question up to our readers. What is the average score? One man wrote us that he could get right answers to twelve a week over a period of a year. What is your score, Mr. and Mrs. Vox Popper?—VOX POP EDITOR.]

IN CASE YOU DON'T CATCH ON

JANESVILLE, WIS.—As a Scotchman would say: Hoot, mon, yer monies worth; as a Swede would say: It bane de best; as a Hollywood producer would say: Gigantic, stupendous! As an aviator would say: It rides high with me. As a diver would say: Down to the last word. As an Englishman would say: Topping, old thing.

But I say: I think it's swell! In case you don't catch on to what I'm talking about, it's—well, it's Liberty.—*William K. Conway.*

Blood Tests at Best Are of Doubtful Value!

PITTSBURGH, PA.—In October 16 Vox Pop I noticed a letter by a Mr. Rupert Hillyer in which he advocates blood tests for everybody. I also saw in the same issue a letter from one Dr. Stanley H. Osborn in which he commends Liberty for publishing the articles I Am a Murderer and Fools in Love. Mr. Hillyer's letter can be excused, in that he has probably not studied this blood-testing question in a detailed manner. But Dr. Osborn should be ashamed of himself; for if he will look in Butler's Diagnostics of Internal Medicine, he will find that the Wassermann reaction is *not a positive* test for syphilis, for it will give a positive reaction in a host of other diseases other than syphilis.

The Sachs-Georgi and Kahn's gold-ring test are other so-called positive tests which will give positive readings in other diseases. Such things as a high or low protein diet will even influence the reaction of these tests.

When these standard tests are so unreliable, and are admitted to be so by medical textbooks, then it is time to investigate the real motive behind this propaganda.

The medical profession, it strongly appears, are attempting to perpetrate a gigantic hoax on the public. They are the forces behind the legislative bills making it necessary to have a blood test before one can marry. Such laws are a ghastly joke on the unsuspecting public, for the fact remains that the medical profession will be accorded the right to treat those people whose blood tests prove positive.

What is so tragic about this is the fact that unbiased authorities state that the present-day medical treatment causes neurosyphilis, or syphilis of the nervous system.

If the treatment causes the same disease in the most vital part of the body, then it is high time to stop printing this pro-medical propaganda.

I write this letter (my third to Liberty on the subject) in all sincerity; for I am not opposed to the elimination of this dreadful disease, but I am opposed to the enriching of the medical coffers by subjecting the public to outmoded and antiquated blood tests which at their best are of only highly doubtful value.—*H. S. Brogan.*

LIBERTY'S ACCURATE POLLS —A LAST LAUGH

DENVER, COLO.—So, in order to find out how popular President Roosevelt is now, Liberty is going to write to every newspaper editor in the United States to get an honest (?) opinion.

Jiminy Crickets! What a big laugh!

By the same degree of intelligence, you would find out how popular a policeman was by writing to the crooks on his beat!

Once again Liberty lays just claim to its title of the Nitwit Weekly.—*J. D. Robin.*

[If Mr. Robin read Don Wharton's article in October 23 Liberty he would realize the serious importance of our national poll in relation to President Roosevelt's popularity, from 2,511 editors representing more than 2,000 towns throughout the country.

Need we point out to Mr. Robin that Don Wharton's poll in Liberty indicating the reelection of F. D. R. (October 31, 1936, Liberty) proved him right?—VOX POP EDITOR.]

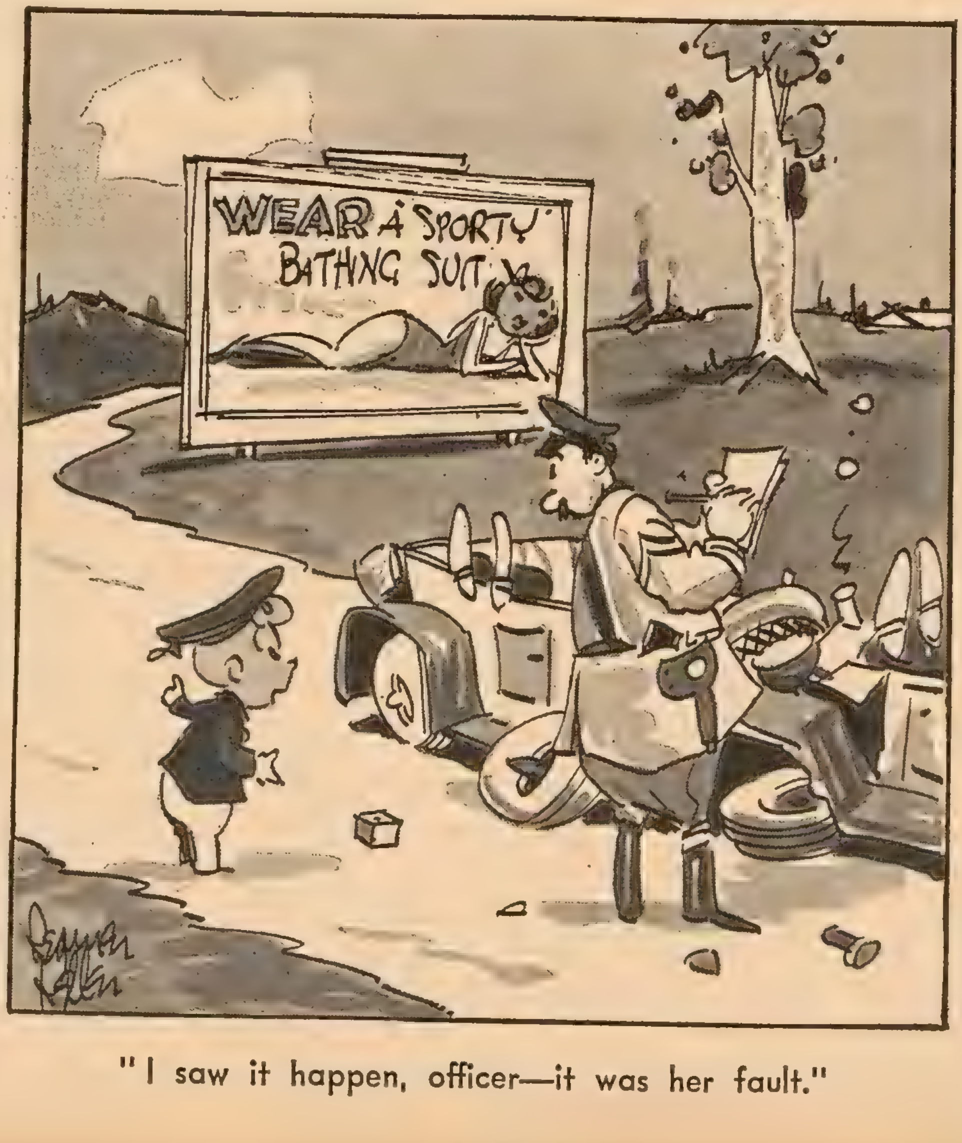
FOR A GHOST OF A CHANCE

SHERWOOD, OHIO — If there's one thing, among a hundred others, that I like about Liberty's editorial policies, it's your kindly, sympathetic attitude toward amateur writers. . . . But why, in the name of a thousand and one young tyros living out in the sticks, like myself, don't you publish once again an Amateurs' Page?

Wherein such a page, you see, young literary aspirants may have at least a ghost of a chance for a break with one of the country's really worth-while magazines?

Truly, wouldn't this be a terrific idea, Mr. Vox Pop Editor?—*James Henderson.*

"HARDTACK"


WEAR A SPORTY BATHING SUIT

"I saw it happen, officer—it was her fault."

BUT FORGIVEN AT THE END

SACO, MONT.—Enjoyed reading Deep Six in the Mud (October 23 Liberty), but wondered where the author acquired his navy talk until I noticed his biography on page 14—not much "reg" on a subchaser. Aboard the battle wagon that I served on, a mere lieutenant did not address a commander as "mister"—unless perhaps the lieutenant had just come aboard from a subchaser.

However, the illustrator must have thought well of the story, as he beat the Navy Department to it and promoted Wilson to a commander and Portling to a captain, probably for running the ship aground and messing up the detail generally.

Must admit that Ray Milholland, the author, shipped a good surgeon who "spliced the main brace" with medical stores in true navy fashion. For that ending I can forgive all.—*S. T. H.*

MUST CHILDLESS COUPLES BOTH WORK?

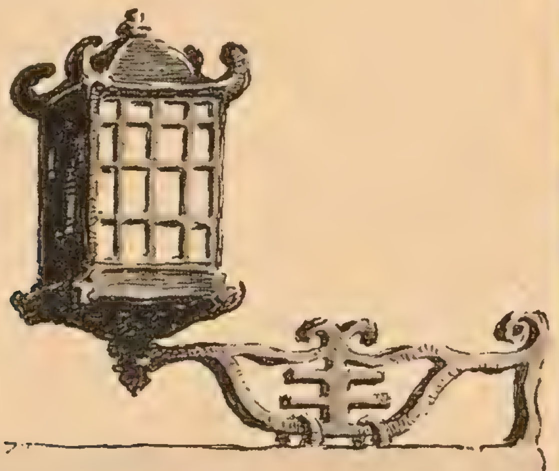
OMAHA, NEB.—Will you, Mr. Foxy Pop, or some of your readers, please tell me why so many of our childless couples must both work, while other families live better and happier on just the husband's salary?

Would that have anything to do with the present unemployment problem?—*Florence Lou.*

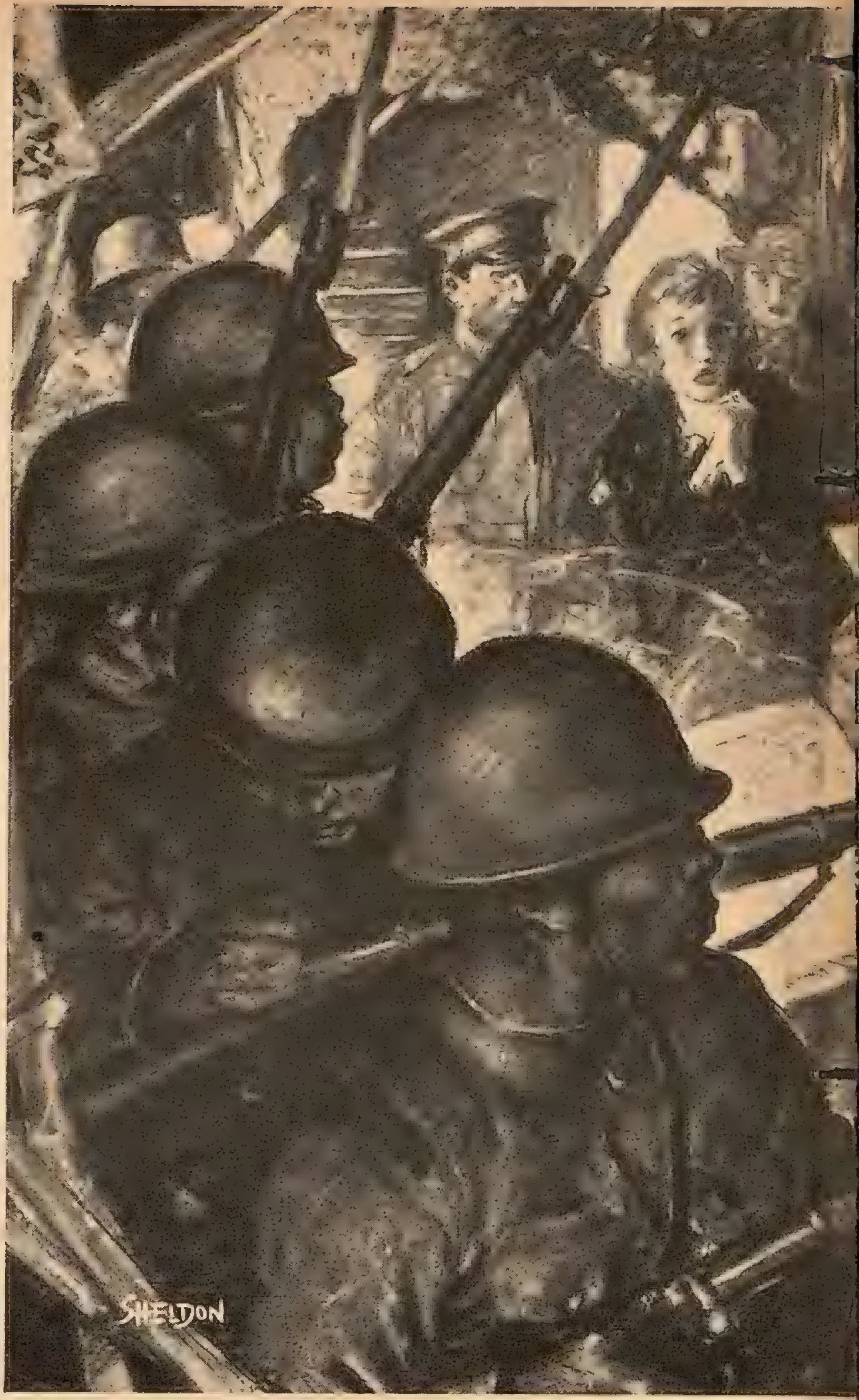
Love faces a firing squad, dawn breaks in hell . . . and the curtain falls on a throbbing drama of the war-torn East

BY STEVE FISHER

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR SHELDON



TOMORROW IN SHANGHAI



" You can't do that! I'll vouch for her.

READING TIME • 19 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

PART THREE—CONCLUSION

CANDLES. Yellow light fringed with a shivering death of darkness. The tinkle of a piano, then silence again.

Eyes opening and focusing to pitch darkness and flickering light. Movement, and pain. Pain just above the left hipbone. Fingers touching a bandage; fingers back before the eyes. Blood. Wet with blood from a bandage. A voice. A girl's soft voice humming. . . .

Alicia. . . .

Roger sat there, his back against an overturned table, watching her, listening to her, looking at the room.

He tried again to move, and felt the table hard against his back. He looked around him. Denise was gone, but he saw her bag. In the darkness perhaps she had been unable to find it. Or in haste perhaps had not cared about it. Stone was gone too. Every one was gone except the Chinese student who was a corpse, and Alicia. He sat, breathing deeply and watching Alicia.

He remembered that since boyhood he had been fighting and struggling and overcoming one obstacle after another. There had been problems and worries. He had lived a full life with never a moment to spare. But now all of that was washed away from him. There was nothing that was any longer important except his love.

But now he stirred; for vaguely he remembered duty. He reached down and felt his legging. It was off, lying a foot from him. He picked it up and strapped it back on. There was no expression on his face.

" You are all right? "

It was Alicia. He looked up and saw her pale face in the light of a candle. She had turned from the piano.

" Yes, darling," he said. " Everything is all right now."

She got up and came to him. Expertly she felt his bandage, raised her eyebrows in silent question.

" Yes," he said, " it's fine. I— Thanks, Alicia."

He was sitting and she kneeling, and he looked up into her face. She put her hands on his cheeks, and then she bent down and kissed him on the lips. Her lips were fire and her hands trembled against his face. Now she stroked his hair; she sat down, half across his lap. His arm was around her, and he saw the glow that was in her eyes. He could not speak for a moment. He drew her to him again and kissed her. Then he said:

" I didn't know it could be like this."

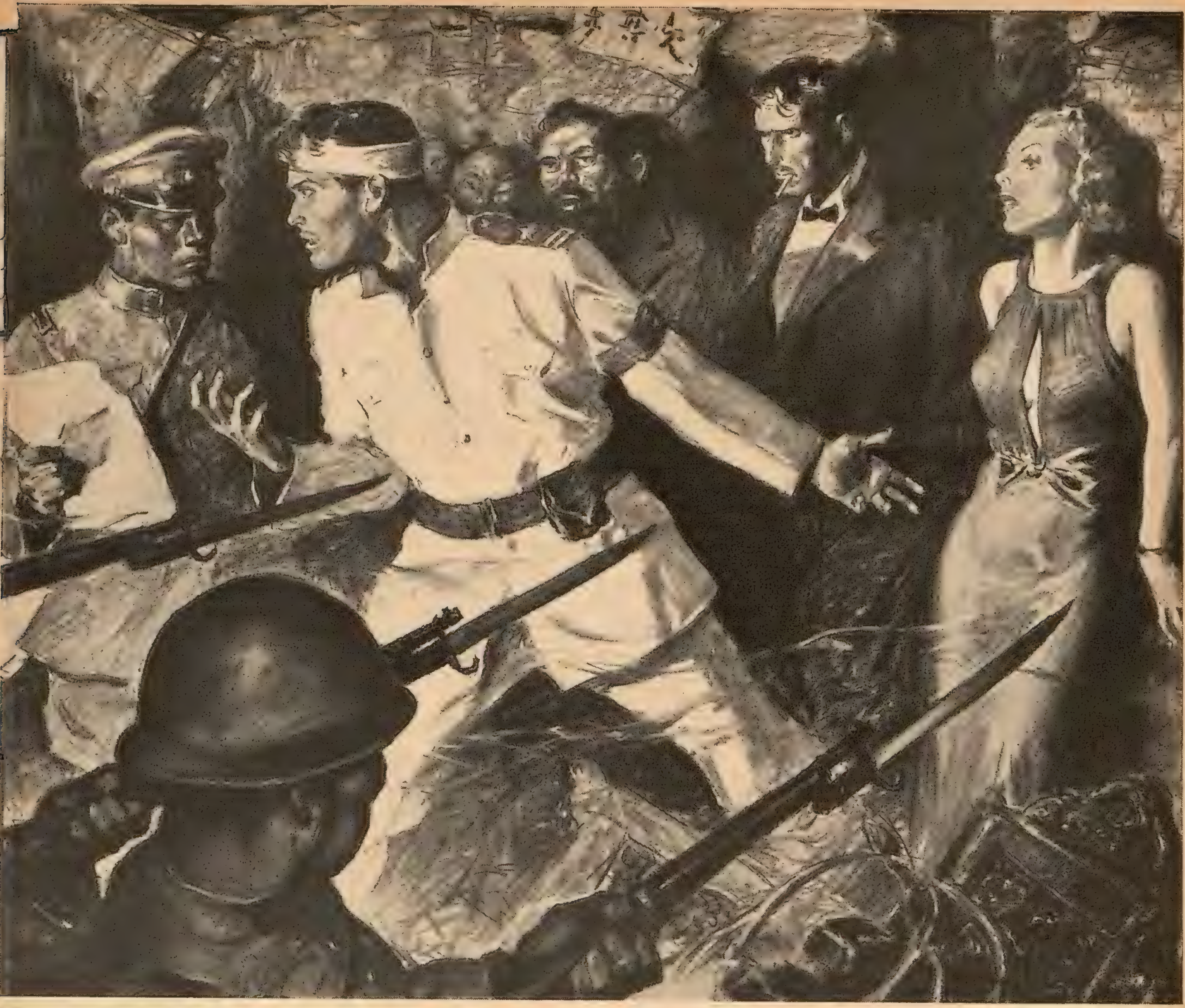
There were tears in her eyes. " Didn't you, darling? "

" No," he said.

" I thought you were going to die, darling," she went on, " and I kissed you then too. But when I felt your lips I knew you wouldn't die—that you couldn't die and leave me here in the world."

He kept looking at her, and said, " I love you, Alicia."

" Do you, darling? " And the tears splashed across her cheeks.



"I'm an American naval officer . . . and she's an American. You've got to listen to her side of it!"

He kissed the tears, and kissed her hair, and she lay in his arms.

"This is the impossible beginning," she whispered.

"Yes," he said; "and there isn't anything else in the world, is there?"

"No, darling. No war, no Shanghai, and—no tomorrow. There can't possibly be a tomorrow. Can't you see? There is only tonight. But tonight is a lifetime. I shan't want to go on past it."

"But there must be tomorrow, Alicia."

"How can there be? If we go on the street a bomb will kill us, and if we stay here the ceiling will cave in and crush us. But it doesn't matter, does it? About tomorrow?"

"No," he said.

"You love me, darling?"

He did not repeat that he loved her, but he kissed her, and they clung in each other's arms . . . he did not know how long it was. The first he heard was a rush of steps coming into the basement; a high shrill feminine voice; and then he looked up and saw the marine and his blonde. With the marine was William Stone, his head bloody. Denise followed behind the trio. Her hair was disheveled and her face was dead white.

Alicia helped Roger to his feet. He was unsteady on one leg, but he could hobble on it. Denise looked at Roger, her hand on her throat; and then she looked at Alicia. All at once Denise began to laugh.

"So you weren't dead. So you were alive and—" She stopped laughing and steadied herself. She opened her purse and took out a cigarette and put it in her mouth. Lighting it, she said: "All right, husband. I am back."

"I see that you are," Roger said quietly, and he looked from her to the marine, who had slammed William Stone down into a chair.

"Damn good thing I know Shanghai like I do," said the marine. "There was only one way this guy could go in any kind of safety at all and—"

"It was me that told you about that!" exclaimed the blonde. "I knew the hotel and the streets—"

"Anyway," the marine cut in, "I got him. The girl—ah—your wife, was standing there beside him, screaming. She didn't know what to do. I got the papers off Stone and brought him back. Here are the plans, sir."

He handed the sheaf of papers to Roger.

Roger discarded them. "Those are dummies," he said. "We have to carry them along with the McCoy. We have to take all kinds of precautions like that. I'm surprised that Willie Stone thought success was so easy."

He was genuinely amazed that a man of Stone's presumable experience would fall for a decoy. If the real papers *had* been in his legging they would have been much harder to get at than from a surface lining. Before the Chinese student got up to have his say and be killed, Roger had come over to put the papers in the secret compartment in Denise's bag. Stone should have noticed,

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C. J. Fitzpatrick, Manager

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NEW LOW RATES

Single Rooms	4.00 - 5.00	6.00	7.00
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THE NEW SECOR HOTEL, Toledo, O.
Hotels Jamestown and Samuels, Jamestown, N. Y.

Roger thought; or at least, when he searched Roger's clothing and found one legging loose, he should have reasoned that Roger had already taken out the papers and had not yet had time to lace the legging again.

That was why, when Roger saw that Stone had taken the decoy and that Denise's bag which contained the genuine papers was still in the basement, he had felt no urgency and had seen no reason to go into the streets after Stone. Sooner or later Stone was bound to get what was coming to him, and in the streets of Shanghai he was likely to get worse than the United States government would deal out for his crime.

"For the love of Mike!" said the blonde. "You mean to say we risked life and limb and—and—chased that wife-stealing heel for *nothing?*"

"Exactly," said Roger.

"Well, it wasn't for nothing," the marine snapped at the blonde. "The lieutenant told me to watch that punk, and it was my duty to get him. Maybe you don't savvy duty, baby. Maybe I'd better explain it to you."

"Why don't you shut your face?" said the blonde.

Denise was puffing on her cigarette. "Listen. Bill didn't steal me. We thought you were dead and he was going to get me out of Shanghai. He was just being a gentleman. Weren't you, Bill? Tell them."

Stone sat very still and did not reply.

"I understand," Roger answered softly. "It's all right. Alicia stayed and put a bandage on me. I might have bled to death. But it's all right."

"How did *I* know you weren't dead?"

"You didn't," said Roger. "But that isn't the point."

"What is the point?"

"The point is that you didn't care."

Denise stared at Alicia, cold hatred on her face. "Did *she* tell you that?"

"Yes," said Alicia, "I told him that." This was not true.

Denise dropped her cigarette and ground her heel over it. She laughed again, and it was harsh, ugly laughter. "So because I had the good sense to get out of a basement that was caving in I've been criticized by the house prostitute!"

The silence was intense. Alicia looked at Denise, and there wasn't the flicker of an expression on her face. Then she turned and moved slowly away. Roger still stood staring, his jaw working in and out and his face crimson with rage. Denise said:

"Why don't you stick up for her? *I'm* only your wife. *I* don't matter. I was scared, and I got out, and that's all there was to it. I don't know why I married you—I really don't."

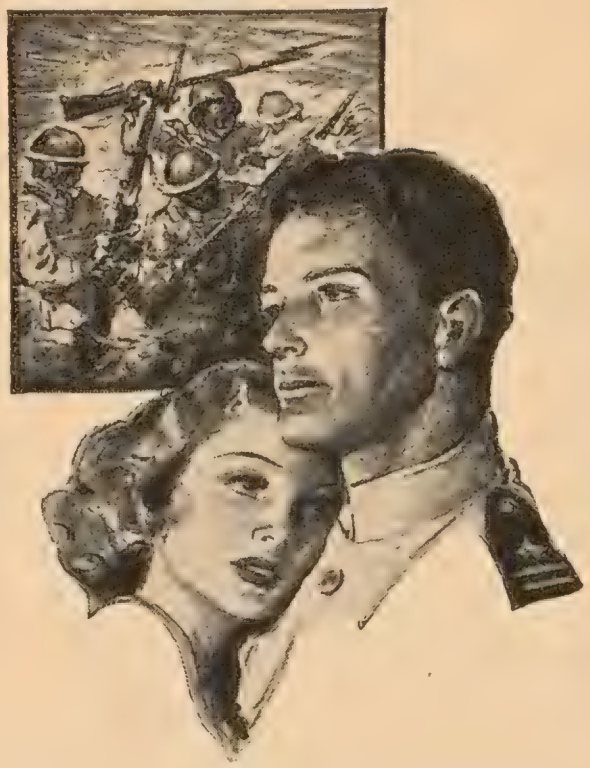
She crumpled to the floor, sobbing.

Alicia was at the piano, and now she played a popular melody and an old one: When Did You Leave Heaven? Roger went over and stood behind her for a moment.

"We must face the music," said Alicia. "She is your wife."

He said, "Yes," and turned and went back to Denise. But he could not make himself touch her. He was standing over her when he heard a noise on the stairs again. He looked up. Japanese soldiers were coming into the basement. One of them carried a torch, and Roger saw that the fat Russian war lord, the maître d'hôtel, and some of the waiters were among them. The Russian's arms were tied behind him.

Denise looked up and got to her feet. William Stone was watching now, too. Alicia turned around on the piano bench. The marine and his blonde looked anxious. The soldiers quietly drifted around until Roger and the others were in the center of a circle of rifles. The Russian and the waiters were shoved over with them.



"This is the impossible beginning."

"The mongrels don't know what they are doing!" cried the Russian. "Do not be alarmed. I will get us all out of this. I have pull in both armies, in both China and Japan. Oh, I'm a clever man, and I never let down my friends. Don't anybody worry." Then he looked at Alicia. "Where were you? I thought you were lost. I was coming back after you. That's how they got me."

"The last time I saw you," said Alicia, "you were running as fast as your fat legs would carry you."

The Russian spluttered, but Denise turned to him. "*Will* you get us out of here? *Will* you, really? You see, I have to get a plane for the States. If you—"

"Sure—sure," said the Russian. "Sure, baby. You just leave it to me. You don't know what a big man I am."

A small Japanese officer stepped forward and formally bowed. He drew back his lips, said curtly:

"Every one will remain here until word is received from headquarters. You are, each one of you, prisoners of war. I hope you will not be uncomfortable. I can promise that in the case of you people here in the Martinique Hotel there will be most swift action. Most swift!"

He bowed again, his teeth still

showing. The bayonet-loaded circle of rifles did not waver.

BASEMENT walls trembling. Time . . . minutes . . . hours . . . *"The Japanese government kindly requests that each of you gives his name, so the hearing of this case may be expedient."*

Cigarettes . . . laughter . . . tears. "Oh, for the love of God, get me out of here!" . . . "I *will* get you out; I am a great man." . . . Bombs; debris falling. . . . "Look at the blonde—on her knees, praying. Did you ever see anything so funny!" . . . The rattle of gunfire outside.

"The government of Japan would very much like more information regarding the activities of every one in this room prior to . . ."

"Are you afraid, Alicia?"

"Yes, darling. May I touch you? May I hold your hand? Will your wife mind if I do that? I want to feel you close to me. For my fear is for you, darling. My fear is for you. I love you!"

"Alicia . . . sweet . . . they wouldn't dare— You weren't ever mixed up with—"

"No, darling; I am innocent of dealings with the Russian, but—"

"But what, Alicia?"

"Never mind, darling . . . never mind."

"If anything should happen now—"

"Nothing and everything will happen, Roger. Tomorrow is not for us . . . for any one."

"Japan does not wish discomfort to its foreign prisoners, but must insist upon knowing . . ."

"Oh . . . oh, here you are, Roger. Here you are with *her* again. It doesn't matter what happens to me—your wife. . . . Well, that's perfectly all right with me. I *was* going to go away with Willie. . . . I'm sick of you, Roger. . . . Look what you've dragged me over here into. . . . It's all your fault that I'm here. . . . Oh, if anything happens you'll be sorry! You'll be awfully sorry, Roger. . . .

"And if I do get out there's going to be a divorce the moment I reach the States. . . . There's going to be either a divorce or an annulment. I've never loved you; I . . . I mean I only thought I loved you!"

Laughter, hysterical laughter.

"The Japanese military authorities are grieved to inform the prisoners that the offenses of some of them are so grave that in spite of possible international complications drastic measures may have to be taken to prevent future annoyance of the same nature. . . . Espionage when proven is punishable by death, and . . ."

"Dirty heathen dogs! My men will be down on them! I own this hotel . . . and a lot of other things too. . . . I'm not going to stand for much more of this insane . . ."

"The Japanese officer in charge is satisfied with the examination here and is forwarding it to headquarters. The Japanese officer in charge is sorry

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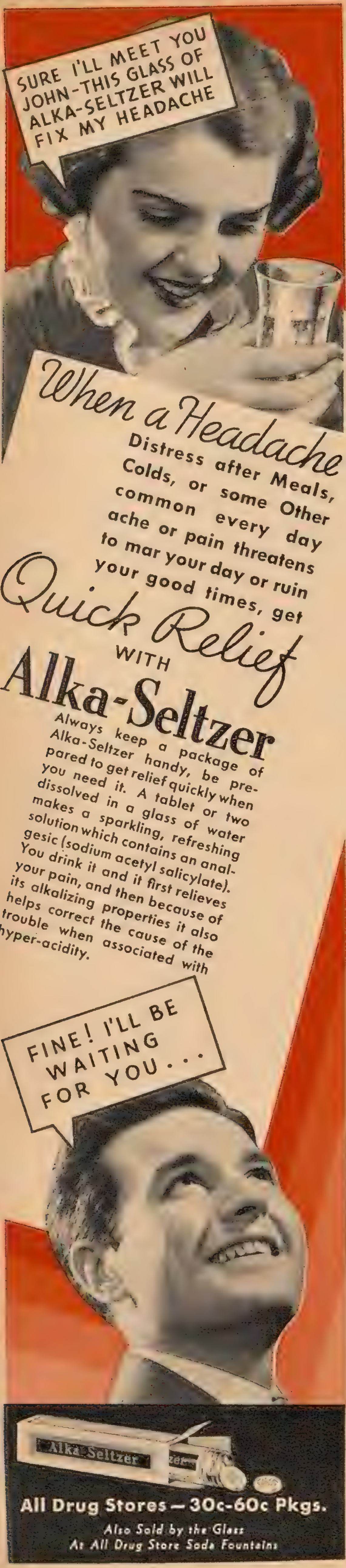

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FINE! I'LL BE WAITING FOR YOU . . .

All Drug Stores — 30c-60c Pkgs.

Also Sold by the Glass At All Drug Store Soda Fountains

to inform his prisoners that no action can be taken until . . ."

"Baby, come on. Get up off your knees. Everything's going to be all right. . . . Listen, baby. When we get out of here I'm going to pay you alimony every month."

"Every month, sarg?"

"Sure, baby, every month. Ain't that swell?"

"I'm scared, sarg. Geez, I'm scared!"

"I know, kid. But come on, get up. You know, that's funny; I never knew you ever prayed."

"Well, I've always done it. . . . I even prayed for my alimony because I needed it so damn badly. . . . You know why. You know I hate being a chippy, and in Shanghai a woman's got to live. Say, why did we break up?"

"I don't know, baby . . . why did we?"

"You were jealous. About that sailor. Remember?"

"Oh, sure. But—but you weren't— I mean—"

"Hell, no, sarg. Don't you know me better than that now?"

"Sure I do, baby. . . . When we get out of here—"

"*The Japanese officer in charge requests that his prisoners do not become impatient. Word from headquarters is expected any moment. . . .*"

"Willie, they can't do anything to you, can they?"

"They can shoot me, Denise. They can shoot me, and they'll have such evidence that there isn't a white man's nation in the world that'll blink an eye. . . ."

"Oh, Willie—Bill . . ."

"It's been coming to me. I put my neck out when I started in this business, and I killed men, and I spent the money I got for those killings, for the thefts I engineered. But all the while I knew that I was playing a game with death and that I couldn't win. I must have known even at sunset that I'd never see another dawn. That there would be no tomorrow in Shanghai for me. So I'm ready. It really doesn't matter. I won't even be missed."

"Willie . . . Willie dear, do you think there is a chance for *me* to get out?"

"Of course, Denise. But I will stay and—"

"Then there *is* a chance for *me?*"

"Yes."

"Oh, I'm so glad. I'm *so* glad, Willie. But are you sure? Are you *really* sure? Ah . . . you were saying something just a moment ago. What was it you were saying?"

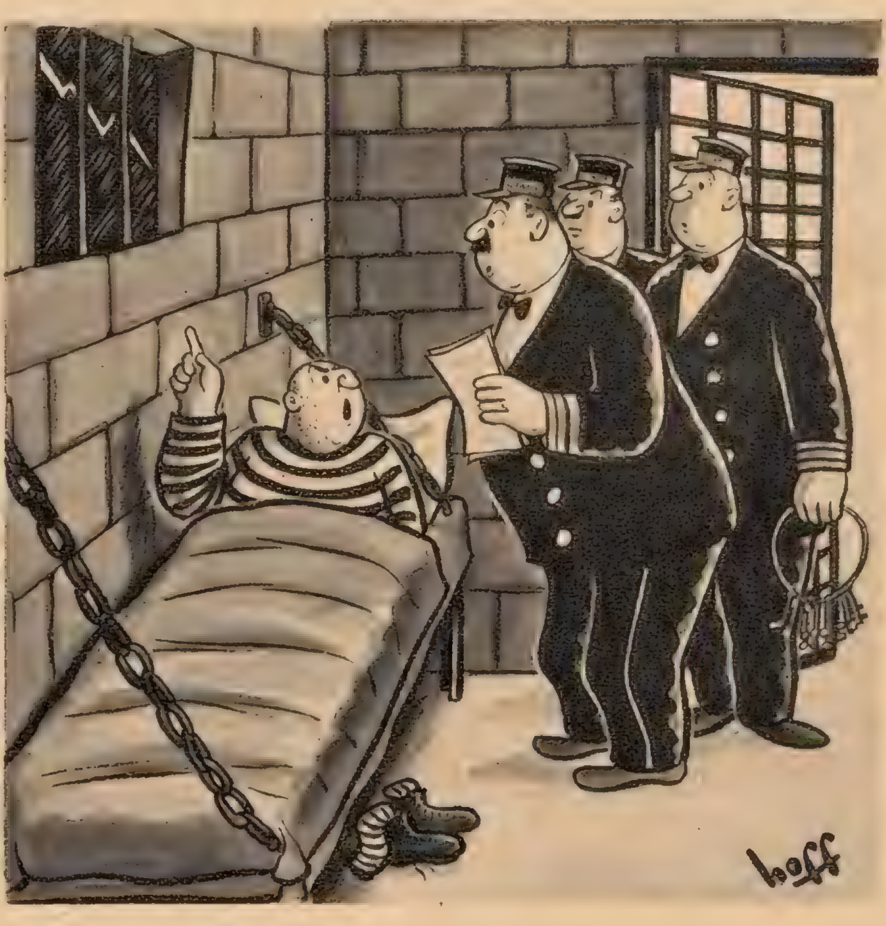
"I was saying that it has been a pleasant evening."

"Oh, but how can you say that? It hasn't been pleasant at all and—"

"*The prisoners will rise and hear the verdict of Japan's Emergency Military Court-Martial Board. . . . The following have been convicted of espionage . . . murder . . . and plotting against the forces of the Japanese, and are sentenced to be shot and killed at once in this basement of the Martinique Hotel.*"

Names . . . curt high voice . . . names. . . . The waiters, the maître d'hôtel . . . the Russian . . . William Stone . . . Alicia . . .

Alicia.



"Pardoned? On a night like this?"

ROGER was conscious of hearing the voice of the Japanese officer as it finished, and of seeing Alicia's white face and her smile, and then he was talking:

"You can't do that. . . . Not to her! *I'll* vouch for her. I'll *personally* vouch for her. She hasn't done anything. She doesn't want any part of your war."

"She was implicated with the Russian. A passport for her was found in the Russian's clothing. We are sorry."

"I'm an American naval officer . . . and she's American, and I'll be personally responsible for her. I tell you—"

"Our orders came from headquarters."

"But you've got to listen to her side of it!"

"Roger," said Alicia, "it's no use."

Denise came up, her face pale, her red hair still disheveled, and broke in:

" You can stand here and argue if you want. We've been freed, and *I'm* going. I don't care what you do. I'm going, and I hope I never have to see you again, Roger. When I'm back in the States I'll take care of the marriage—"

Roger turned. His brain was fever. Already the Japanese were lining the condemned up against the wall. Denise had left him now and was on her way out of the basement. He called the marine to him.

" Yes, sir? "

" Sergeant, you've proved yourself tonight and I can trust you. Miss Clark—ah—Mrs.—my wife has the plans in a compartment of her bag. She doesn't know it. But a government man will meet the Clipper at San Francisco and take them from her—take them out of the bag. Do you follow? She is the conveyance of our papers to the States, even though she doesn't know it. That was the original plan, and it still stands."

" I see, sir."

" All right. I want you to see that she gets aboard the Clipper safely with that bag. That's an order. I know what you think of orders. You can take half a dozen Japs to help protect her if you want. Since we at least are free, they'll do that."

" You can depend on me, lieutenant."

" All right, then. You'd better catch her."

" Ah—"

" Yes? "

" My ex-wife, sir. She'll be stranded here in Shanghai. We were going to try and hit it off again and—"

" When Denise is aboard the Clipper you report back to the ship. Understand? Take your blonde with you. Refugee. Take her back with you and explain."

The marine's hard face broke in a smile. " Yes, sir; I'll do that. And I'll see that your wife gets aboard the Clipper! "

He saluted and rushed off. The blonde ran to catch up with him.

" Hey, sarg, you're going to wait for me, ain't you? "

" Sure, baby. Come on! "

THEY were lining them up against the crumbling wall of the basement now, one by one. . . . First, the three waiters, and then the maître d'hôtel, the Russian.

There were hollow rings under William Stone's eyes, and he stood back, puffing on a cigarette. Denise had not even turned to say " Good-by, Willie," and this perhaps hurt because he was an actor in a part, and a farewell before death helped a lot to get a man into the proper frame of mind.

Alicia did not look frightened, but she kept staring at Roger, and he saw tears in her eyes. There was nothing but frenzy in his mind now. He pleaded with the commanding officer in a hoarse cracked voice. He made wild ridiculous threats that he knew could never be carried out. He grabbed the little man's shoulders and shouted into his face. He pleaded:

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This is the time of year to renew your friendships . . . and to bring the family together again. Make your holiday plans by telephone.

But if you cannot all be together, telephone your greetings to the absent ones—the sound of your voice will bring added joy to them.

Long Distance rates to most points are lowest after 7 P. M. and all day Sunday. Then three-minute station-to-station calls cost only 35c for about 90 miles; 50c for about 150 miles; $1 for about 425 miles.

Long Distance costs little and means so much. Use it often.

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RIST-ARCH $3.95 Its *jeweled* movement is thoroughly dependable. Its curved case (chrome finished) is the very latest style. Leather strap or adjustable metal band. Unbreakable crystal.

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YANKEE

YANKEE $1.50 A thin, small, good-looking pocket watch with a beautiful airplane type dial and an unbreakable crystal. Makes an ideal watch for a man or a boy.

Ingersoll
ENSIGN

ENSIGN $1.25 A sturdy watch in a handsome case. Has an unbreakable crystal. Makes a splendid work watch for a man or a school watch for a boy. Ingersoll Alarm Clocks from $1.25.

INGERSOLL-WATERBURY CO., WATERBURY, CONN.

" Give me the benefit of the doubt! Give me thirty minutes to prove what I say. Let me go to headquarters and talk to them there. I ask because I love her. Because if you kill her you must then kill me too."

The Jap was cold, but he broke down under the barrage of sheer energy. He said:

" All right. Thirty minutes. We will shoot the rest and save her for that long. But remember—no tricks. If you bring back any one to save her, there will be a fight. You have thirty minutes. A runner will take you to our temporary divisional headquarters."

Roger pressed the Jap's hand, then went to Alicia.

" I'll be waiting, darling," she said.

He went out then, following the runner. The last thing he remembered seeing in the basement was not Alicia's wan face but the face of Willie Stone that had a little smile on it. He had not spoken, but it was as though Willie Stone had said: " Good-by, Roger."

HE came out of headquarters twenty-five minutes later with hope in his breast, for on certain conditional terms Alicia's life had been spared. He had only their word, but that was sufficient. After all, one of the officers had remarked in English, there had been no actual evidence against the girl . . . except the passport. Everything else had been circumstance.

He ran. He ran with the tide that was the horror of Shanghai; the terror of night in the biggest offensive drive of the war.

A building collapsed behind him; a bomb burst almost in his path. But he kept running.

There could only be three minutes now, and he was panting to catch his breath. Suddenly he saw lights rushing down upon him from the sky, heard the throbbing motors of planes. Then sidewalks and buildings rose in geysers of dust around him.

Yet he must go on. He ran, his mouth open, sucking for air, and at last the planes swung away, beating dully against Shanghai's sky.

He was in the middle of the street now, and he stumbled and fell headlong over a corpse. He got up and started again, but his legs seemed unable to hold him. The wound in his hip had begun bleeding again.

The last minute had come. . . . It was down to seconds. But suddenly he stopped still and looked around.

This was not the street!

He was lost. He didn't know where he was.

Alicia. . . .

He walked. Nothing hurt him any longer. He was pain. He was one lump of pain moving through the Shanghai street; moving through the center of a war and not knowing how he did it. . . .

He saw the gray smudge of morning.

He kept walking. Walking no longer with purpose. Wandering. A dead thing. Eternity had caught up with him and he walked with eternity. And then he was still—not walking, standing . . . rubbing his eyes. . . .

The sign said: *Hotel Mar in q*

That was what was left of the sign.

He stumbled through the shambles that had been a lobby. He saw the dead scattered here. He went down

☆ Two-Minute Story ☆

YEARS TAKE THEIR TOLL

BERTRAM KENNY took the news of his dismissal like a man, but it came as a shock just the same. He had realized, of course, that he was getting on in years and would some day have to retire, but he loved his work and tried to stay young. Unsuccessfully.

Now he was out of a job. He was too old. He was through.

He went to work on his last day with a sinking heart but resolved to keep a stiff upper lip. After all, there was such a thing as pride. He knew he had given his best all his life. He had done great things in his day. That knowledge sustained him.

When his last day's stint was done, an expectant hush fell over all his co-workers, and in came the big chief. He who was usually too busy to bother with things personally.

" Bertram, old man," he said, and you could feel emotion clogging his throat—" Bert, we're sorry to see you go. I wish it didn't have to be so. It's been swell working with you all these years. We've had some wonderful times together. And —well, here's a token of our esteem." He handed Bert a jeweler's box.

When Bert arrived home after a babel of leave-taking, he ran to the woman who had been patiently waiting for him. " Look what they gave me! " he cried. It was a beautiful wrist watch inscribed: " To Bertram Kenny, grand little trouper, from the studio and staff of the Modern Age Film Company, on his thirteenth birthday." His mother patted his head. " Now I'll buy you long pants," she promised.—*Ellen D. Struhs.*

THE END

the stairs into what had been the basement. One candle, and the rest darkness. Darkness and silence.

He moved along woodenly, looking down into dead faces . . . The Russian. William Stone. The waiters. . . . Lined against the wall and shot.

Where was her body?

And then he looked up into the light of a newly lit candle and saw her in a corner. He felt a bomb shake the place. He stumbled toward her. She had been crying.

"The word came by the runner," she said. "They told me that you didn't wait for him coming back. . . . They've freed me. I've been waiting for you."

He felt tears that burned on his cheeks.

"Darling," she whispered.

He held her flaxen head on his shoulder and looked past her at the bleakness of the wall. "We're through with wars," he said. "You're going back to the ship with me. . . . And we're through with all wars . . . forever."

"I know, darling."

"From now on we're going to—"

The basement rattled with a bomb. A second burst, and a third. Roger climbed to his feet and lifted Alicia. They started for the stairway. It collapsed in front of them. The debris snuffed out the candles. Darkness. Bombs came one after the other in booming staccato. He held her close to him, her cheek against his cheek, and he heard the husky quality of her low voice:

"I'm not afraid, darling."

Then he remembered the bombproof room and moved toward it with her.

"No, don't be afraid, Alicia," he said. "Don't be afraid—because this is tomorrow."

THE END

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 31

1—Edward Vernon Rickenbacker.
2—Trout.
3—A marathon.
4—Myrna Loy.
5—John L. Lewis—who was defeated.
6—Guadalajara.
7—Giovanni Martinelli.
8—Four.
9—Because the letters p, b, nasal m, and w (labials) are chiefly articulated with the lips.
10—Thomas Hardy (1840-1928).
11—Russian wolfhound.
12—The Tuskegee Normal and Industrial Institute.
13—Claude A. Swanson.
14—The correct figure is 2,801,635.
15—Jubal (the oldest stringed instrument being the harp).
16—No, it was cast in London, England.
17—A yashmak.
18—Since it is a small boat with three masts, a xebec sails the sea.
19—Commodore Matthew Calbraith Perry (1794-1858).
20—

Richard W. Leche

...again A YEAR AHEAD.
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91 models now available (in four modern cabinet finishes—walnut—bone-white—maple and ebonized). Prices range from $19.95 to $750. Easy payments if desired.

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29 ARM CHAIR MODELS TO CHOOSE FROM..$29.95 UP

To the Ladies

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND FASHION AUTHORITY

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 51 SECONDS

SOME of us girls may be able to imitate the love calls of loons or partridges fairly accurately, but that is about as far as most of us can hope to go along that line. Men, as a rule, are much more adept at counterfeiting the vocal sounds of birds and animals, because men are usually better whistlers. Not one woman in a thousand can whistle as high a note as the average man, and effective birdcalling is largely a matter of high-note whistling.

Gentlemen hoptoads make trilly throat sounds, but lady hoptoads are forever silent. The little summertime insect who can't make up his mind whether Katy did or didn't is always a male. His Katy herself neither admits nor denies. She is completely voiceless, as are females of many lower species of life.

Ellsworth Jaeger, from whom I learned all this, can talk the languages of thirty-five different kinds of birds and animals, ranging all the way from jenny wrens to timber wolves. His wife has tried, too, but she isn't a high enough whistler. In lectures, radio talks, and syndicated newspaper articles which he illustrates with drawings of his own, Mr. Jaeger reports the chitchat of furred and feathered folk. You might call him a Walter Winchell of the wilderness. I asked him what bird is hardest to imitate, and what one is easiest. The bittern is probably the hardest, he says, because it has a permanent bubble in its throat to help it make outlandish noises. Easiest to imitate is the chickadee—yet very few women can even whistle the chickadee call. Numerically, however, we girls are by far the greatest bird lovers. We organize most of the bird clubs and go on most of the bird walks.

Ellsworth Jaeger

☆ Preachers' daughters rarely marry preachers, seldom talk religion, know how to get along without luxuries, are well trained in the art of being sociable to people they don't like . . . but they hate to be pointed at and told they shouldn't do this or that because they're preachers' daughters. . . . So they've just organized a society, planning to go to the theater or movies in a body and hiss and boo at any play that misrepresents their kind. Chairman of the society is Alice de Rosset Strong, daughter of a preacher, granddaughter of a bishop. *But* she was an actress in the silent-movie days. "All preachers' daughters ought to go on the stage awhile," she thinks. . . . Lee Brown, minister's son who grew up to be an advertising man, started the Daughters of Preachers idea by inviting a roomful of them to a cocktail party.

☆ "My crystal apple" . . . said a recent bride of whom I inquired what wedding-present novelty she had found the most useful. Showed me her crystal apple, and it certainly is a neat trick. . . . It's a clear glass bowl shaped like a huge apple. Has a cover. You fill it with chilled-fruit compote or any frozen sweet, then set it in a larger bowl of cracked ice. Looks lovely on the table; contents are visible; and the cold dessert stays *cold*. . . .

☆ Lunching at a restaurant the other day with H. G. Wells, I ordered cheese instead of dessert, and after sampling the cheese I had to remark that it seemed a bit peculiar. H. G. agreed but was not impressed. "Have you ever tasted walrus-milk cheese?" he asked me. "Or elephant-milk cheese, or cheese made of hippopotamus milk?" No, I hadn't. "I have," said Mr. Wells, "so you mustn't expect me to wonder at the taste of any ordinary cheese." It appears that his son, George Philip (Gyp) Wells, brilliant young science teacher at University College, London, together with young Ivor Montagu, science-minded son of Lord Swaythling, has been carrying on a series of cheese-making experiments with milk from all sorts of animals in the London zoo —and H. G. has been appointed the chief taster. Walrus-milk cheese isn't really bad, he tells me, and neither is elephant-milk cheese. Just the same, I don't want some.

☆ Awhile ago I mentioned the new "divorce rings" being worn by fashionable ex-wives in Paris. Right away quick I received handsome literature describing a similar ring made and sold by a Wheeling, West Virginia, firm of jewelers. They call their ring the "Widow's Mite." It has a narrow band of white gold superimposed on a broader band of yellow gold. Is intended to be worn by divorced ladies or widows. The nice Wheeling, West Virginia, jewelers wanted to know if I would like to have one of their nice widow-or-divorce rings. I showed the letter to my husband. He was not amused.

☆ Earl Chapin May has authored an interesting book about a business we all patronize—the canned food industry. Title of this new book is The Canning Clan. (Published by the Macmillan Company.)

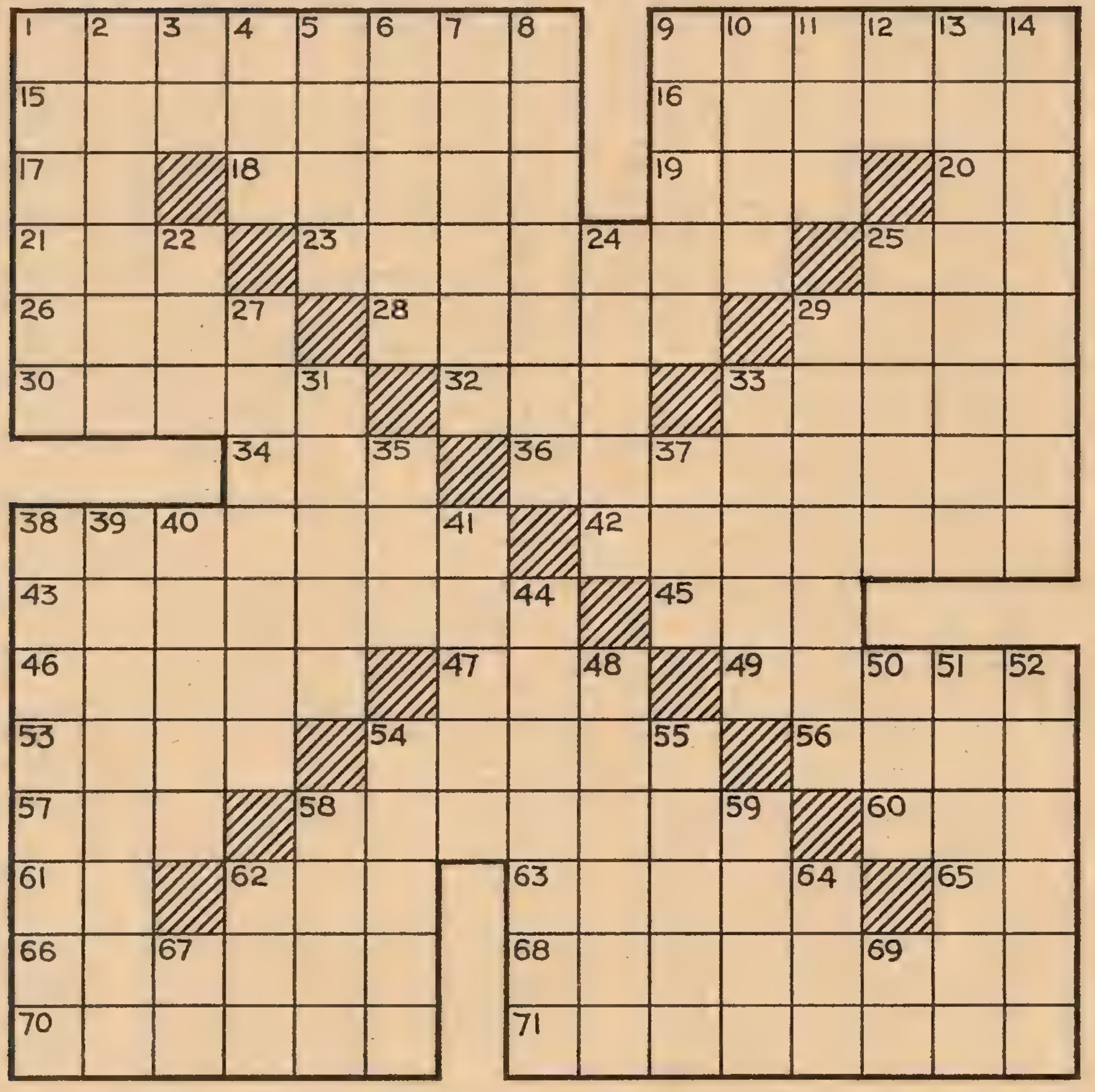
☆ This good, hearty Washington Salad, made with meat and vegetables, is served at buffet suppers in the capital by the popular wife of a young Midwestern senator:

Mix 1½ cups any cold diced meat—lamb or chicken are best—with 1 cup chopped celery, 8 sliced olives, 1 cup cold diced potatoes, and 1 cup cold cooked Lima beans. Marinate for 2 hours in French dressing. Drain well, then add 1½ cups cold cooked string beans, ½ teaspoon minced onion, and 3 finely minced anchovy fillets. Dilute ¾ cup mayonnaise with 1 tablespoon thick cream; toss the salad lightly in this dressing; arrange in a flat bowl; decorate with olives and slices of hard-boiled eggs, using only the whites. Chill well before serving.

Puzzle #8x 12/4/37

COCKEYED CROSSWORDS

by Ted Shane



HORIZONTAL

1 They aren't very good for Chinese

9 Cowfeteria

15 Gets a man down and out, then cuts up

16 You can't get anywhere until you do this

17 Uniformed kitchenmaid service (abbr.)

18 What papa removes with oaths winter mornings

19 This brings the sparkle to the maiden eye and the monthly installment to the swain

20 What you'll find in beer

21 ½ of 20 tripled

23 A very spicy expression (pl.)

25 Original bring 'em back aliver

26 Talk hoarse and buggy like

28 Robot silkworm output

29 Rare old Scotch

30 Should they hit bottom there's liable to be an upset

32 Got by woman

33 The problem of immigration

34 Add a thousand and get a mite

36 Liked like a rattlesnake

38 What boilermaking does to mankind

42 They're kept in an apartment by law

43 Empty eggshells

45 Three of a kind

46 Kicks over with

47 Short nights

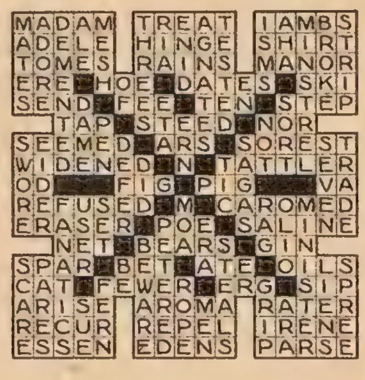
49 Wartists

53 When Caesar got them he got the bird

54 Grammaw worked hard all summer preserving them

56 How strong men take firewater

57 Indigestible lion meat



MADAM TREAT IAMBS
ADELE HINGE SHIRT
TOMES RAINS MANOR
ERE■HOE■DATES■SKI
SEND■FEE■TEN■STEP
TAP■STEED■NOR
SEEMED■ARS■SOREST
WIDENED■N■TATTLER
OD■■■FIG■PIG■■■VA
REFUSED■M■CAROMED
ERASER■POE■SALINE
NET■BEARS■GIN
SPAR■BET■ATE■OILS
CAT■FEWER■ERG■SIP
ARISE AROMA RATER
RECUR REPEL IRENE
ESSEN EDENS PARSE

Answer to last week's puzzle

58 This undermined Charlie McCarthy's constitution

60 Fuzz on a peach

61 Decorated the interior

62 Billy's boo

63 Toothless old saw

65 The hind in the rear

66 You can't get any action from them without having words

68 Their scrub team is playing Williams' (pl.)

70 Europe hopes to have the boys back in this by Christmas

71 Gun carriages

VERTICAL

1 Poker bugs

2 "Please, we beg of you!"

3 Moist end of a Pekingese

4 Bunch of stars from the Saouth

5 What Hitler gets in the rain (Ger.)

6 A snootful will get any good man down

7 Where bankers' kids have their ups and downs

8 Tried without jury

9 A Prussian city

10 Hon. Japanese god

11 Yodeler Removal Machinery (abbr.)

12 A personal note from Miss Speaks

13 He made whippee with the slaves

14 Fridays to Mondays—with gin

22 She fell for the Big Apple

24 Here's a poser for your figure fans

25 Morning get-up

27 Wises up

29 A cut-off

31 They're taken upstairs and down by dogs

33 How Johnny usually takes birthday gifts

35 Gabby old femiles

37 Failed for 1,000s in a tricky business

38 Moving backward with the arts

39 Indoor airplane

40 Pilgrim papa

41 What Spanish señoritas call to arms

44 Where many prominent Americans stand out

48 23

50 They helped fight the war to end peace (abbr.)

51 A smear case

52 With bridge experts there's always a strain to this

54 This causes strained relations between man and beast

55 Horse apartment

58 Kid stuff

59 Squat drops

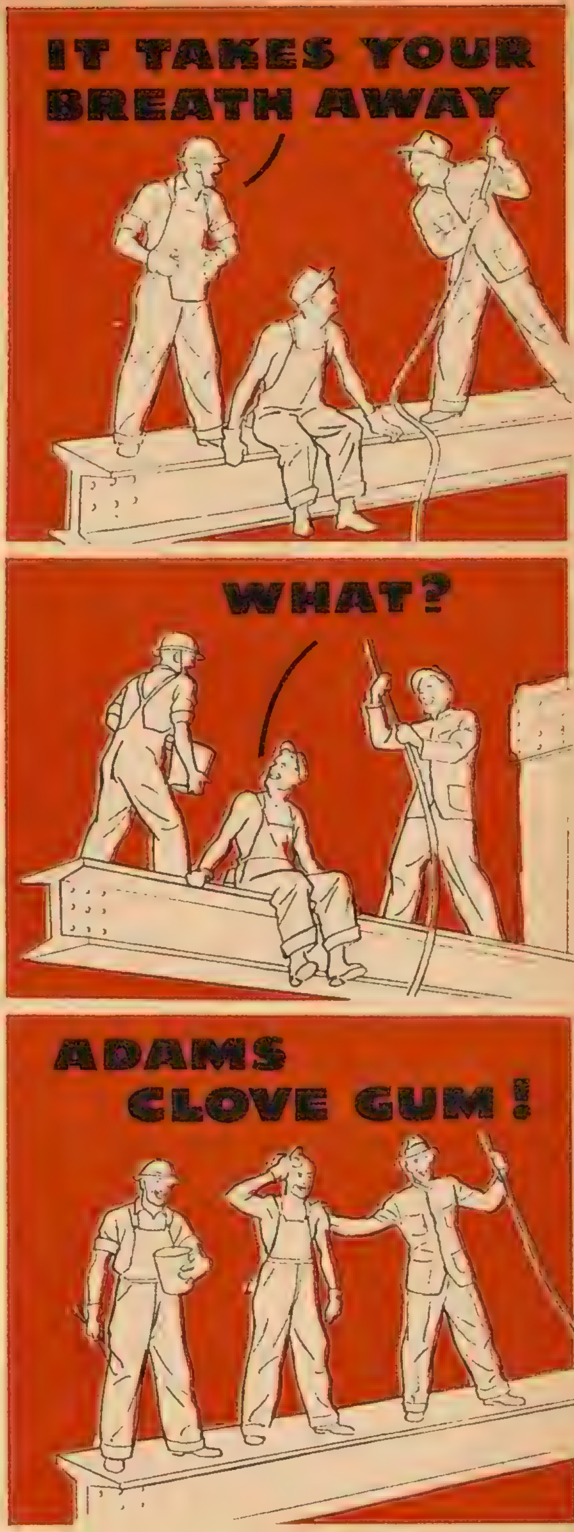
62 He struck when Edward abdicated

64 Pack away the pretzels

67 The end of love

69 The end of hate—and the puzzle

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.


IT TAKES YOUR BREATH AWAY
WHAT?
ADAMS CLOVE GUM!

You have to taste Adams Clove Gum to get any real idea of its deliciously "different" flavor! Spiciest you ever tasted—yet so smooth — so fresh and mouth-freshening! And not least important — it's a famous breath-sweetener!

ADAMS
CLOVE
CHEWING GUM

A FLAVOR FROM THE ISLES OF SPICE

Hart to Heart

BY ELMER RANSOM

READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

DEAR MISS HART:

I will graduate in June from Benair College for Women. I have run the usual gamut of young-love affairs without danger or damage. Then two months ago I met Jack at a studio party. Well . . . he was different from the others.

"I'm just an engineer," he told me, "not an artist. An engineer with my feet on the ground." He had a wholesome sort of grin that started at his eyes and spread over his face.

I fell in love with him. Seniors aren't restricted, and last week we saw each other every night. Last night he kissed me.

"I—I'm sorry," he stammered. "I—I had no right to do that."

You see, Jack has a perfectly healthy wife. She is a career woman; perhaps one of those brainy females who are a bit frowzy and who can't have children. She works nights when Jack is lonesome and wants a woman around. A woman and not a competitor. A woman who loves nice things and expects him to provide them. One who can mother his children, and who is soft and warm and whose lips sting and burn when he kisses her. That's what he needs—what he wants, too.

He is thirty; vigorous, dynamic, masculine, on the make. Last night his face held a haunting longing; his eyes were worried and pondering. The trouble is at home, I'm sure, but Jack is too loyal to admit it. I want to make him grin again—grin from his eyes all over his face. And, God help me, I'm afraid that if, through some outmoded sense of duty, he won't divorce this woman he married, then I'll offer myself on any terms he wishes.

I don't count. Don't think of me, only of him. I want him happy. I can make him happy if I can crash through that false sense of loyalty to his one mistake, marriage to the wrong woman. Can I do this? This is Sunday. Won't you answer me quickly so that I may get your letter Monday afternoon?

I am to see him again Monday night, and we are both going to remember that kiss.

Please don't publish this letter. Some mutual acquaintance might recognize one or the other of us, for I've been very frank. Just use the enclosed stamped envelope and I'll call for your answer at General Delivery. Please, Miss Hart, again, answer before I see him.

Yours, MARY SMITH.

MARGE O'BRIAN, age twenty-eight, who until Monday noon had done the column From Hart to Heart for Gigantic Features Syndicate, writing under the pen name of Helen Hart, crushed the neatly typed letter in her hands, hating the faint trace of lavender. Her answer to that letter had been her last word as Helen Hart. She was through!

She stood looking into the beveled mirror, and saw eyes that were dark and full and wide apart. Brown hair curled away from her forehead. She put her hand up to the little depression in her throat, and memory stung her with the thought of Jack's kisses on the honeymoon in South America six years ago.

"Just an engineer," she muttered, "with my feet on the ground." A thousand times Jack had said that. And a thousand times in those first months had she coaxed the grin that started at his eyes and spread over his face. She even recalled his casual mention of the studio party two months before; but she had been too busy to mark it seriously.

She turned and stirred the coals in the grate. Jack loved an open fire. She smoothed the negligee, letting it fall carelessly from her shoulders until it molded her firm, pointed breasts.

Oh, God, who was this Mary Smith? If she could only know, only talk to her!

Something ached in her throat; ached and ached and ached.

A key turned in the lock, and she waited at the living-room door, her slender body framed against the rosy glow from the open fire. Jack O'Brian drew in his breath sharply, and a feeling of triumph swept through Marge.

Liberty's SHORT SHORT

This was the negligee he liked so much. From Paris, with all the Parisian cunning of concealing and revealing.

"Marge—Marge; are you ill?"

"No, silly."

She swayed toward him and his arms went around her. Arms just from Mary Smith, she thought bitterly, fiercely.

His muscles were hard driven against her soft breasts.

"You are—all right?" she asked haltingly.

"But of course, my dear."

"You—you love me still?"

"God, yes," he cried, and his lips burned at her throat.

He held her off, feasting his eyes.

"I've been missing you so," she whispered. "We seemed to be—growing apart. I couldn't stand it. I've resigned—quit my job, Jack. Love me and hold me and don't ask silly questions."

So they stood there, whispering, and she poured out her newly formed plans as though they had been months in maturing; plans for him, for her, for the children that were to be; and she drank in the wonder of his face.

"We're going to toast some marshmallows, like the old days," she said gaily, "and I'm getting the frowzy old camp slippers you used in South America; remember?"

She broke away laughing, a lilting little laugh that he always liked. It was all right. She sensed it. Oh, she'd come so close to asking him about Mary Smith! But she must never, never do that. Never let him know that she knew.

While she was gone after his slippers, Jack O'Brian crossed to the open fire, a grin starting at his eyes and spreading over his face. He took from his pocket a letter addressed to Mary Smith, General Delivery, and dropped it, unopened, on the blazing coals.

He'd come so close to confessing; but now he realized it wouldn't have done.

He must never let her know that there was no Mary Smith—that he was the author of that letter from Mary Smith to Helen Hart.

THE END

THIS IS THE FINAL WEEK!

$500

CASH PRIZE

DINKY CONTEST

YOUR CHANCE TO WIN IS EXCELLENT IF YOU COMPLETE THE GAME!

BE SURE TO GET YOUR ENTRY IN ON TIME

SIMPLICITY IS BEST

WITH the appearance of Coupon 3 on this page we come to the closing week of the $500 Cash Prize Dinky Contest. If you have written the two Dinkies required by the preceding coupons, this practice should make it easy enough to write a final eight-word jingle this week and complete your set. When that is accomplished and you begin the preparation of your coupons for presentation to the judges, please keep simplicity ever in mind. Awards in this competition will be made with the greatest possible accuracy according to the basis of valuation established in the rules. Fancywork and ornamentation are not contributing factors. They will have absolutely no bearing on the final rating of any entry. Please, then, avoid expensive, elaborate mountings for your coupons. No entries will be returned. This removes the last possible reason for expensive decoration of your material. The judges will arrive at their final decisions as rapidly as is consistent with absolute fairness, and the results of their deliberations will be published in the first available issue of Liberty.

BE SURE TO COMPLY WITH THESE SIMPLE RULES

1. For the purposes of this contest a Dinky will consist of eight words arranged in four lines of two words each and the second and last lines will rhyme.

2. An entry will consist of a set of three Dinkies to be submitted as a unit at the end of the contest, using the official entry coupons which will be printed in Liberty dated November 20, November 27, and December 4, 1937. Coupons sent in individually will not be considered.

3. The entry with the Dinkies which most entertainingly condense a complete story within eight words will be judged the best and will receive the First Prize of $200. In the order of their excellence on this basis other entries will be awarded a $50 Second Prize, $25 Third Prize, Five Prizes of $10 each, and Thirty-five Prizes of $5 each. In the event of ties, duplicate awards will be paid.

4. Address entries by first-class mail to Dinky Contest, Liberty Magazine, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. All entries must be received on or before Wednesday, December 22, 1937, the closing date of this contest.

5. The judges will be the contest board of Liberty and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final. No entries will be returned nor can we enter into correspondence with any entrant.

6. Anyone anywhere may compete except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.

CLIP THIS COUPON!

DINKY CONTEST

OFFICIAL COUPON NO.

....

....

....

....

(If you write your Dinky
on another sheet this
coupon must be attached.)

NAME..

ADDRESS.....................................

CITY..........................STATE......

ANOTHER CASH-PRIZE CONTEST STARTS NEXT WEEK!

No Bayonets—And No Hot Dogs!

IT HAPPENED IN HYDE PARK last Fourth of July. Emil Ludwig, at the behest of Liberty, had left his cool home by mountain and lake in Locarno, and had traveled, sea and land, to the United States, where he hoped to study President Roosevelt face to face and voice to voice, as he had studied Mussolini and many of the great figures of our day. It was on the glorious Fourth—an especially hot one we had last July, I think—that Emil Ludwig journeyed to Hyde Park to see the President. When he got there, this earnest student of personality learned that the President and his wife and the whole family, personal and official and journalistic too, were having a picnic in the woods. Slowly through the heat Emil walked toward the picnic. As he came nearer to the scene his wonder grew. He saw the newspaper men and women, in bathing suits wonderful to behold, splashing in the Hudson. He saw gaiety and freedom all about. He saw Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt welcoming him with a smile.

"But, Mrs. Roosevelt"—this after a few preliminaries of politeness—"may I ask a question? No? Yes! Is not this a great national holiday?"

"Yes," Mrs. Roosevelt assured him. "Indeed it is."

"Then where are the military?"

"Sorry—we haven't any," laughed the First Lady.

"What! No bayonets?" crowed Ludwig incredulously.

Smiling even more, Mrs. Roosevelt led the biographer toward a tree. Under the leafy boughs sat the President of the United States of America, without coat or collar and looking very much disappointed. Mrs. Roosevelt had prepared for the picnic luncheon a most appetizing repast of chicken and spice and everything nice—but it was all cold buffet on that torrid occasion. The President looked at her speechless for a moment. His blankly unhappy eyes fell on Herr Ludwig as he gasped the words:

"What! No hot dogs?"

And that was the first great eye opener to Emil Ludwig of the difference between the American President and the dictators of Europe.

"I came to find a dictator!" cried Ludwig to me, holding his head. "F. D. R. can't be a dictator. Think! Think back! Did you ever see or read of or hear about a dictator with a sense of humor? America is safe for democracy!"

☆

I DO NOT HAVE TO TELL you that Ludwig's biography of President Roosevelt begins in Liberty next week. It will be immensely interesting to see how the great American public reacts to this famous foreigner's attitude toward his subject. This is Roosevelt as seen through other eyes; a European's point of view. Those of you who have not read Ludwig's Napoleon, or The Nile, or others of his many books, may find his ornate prose a surprise in the midst of the machine-gun brevity of most Liberty text. If so, you are likely to find the change refreshing, the style full of mysterious and suggestive charm. He has tried to look deeply into the soul of Franklin D. Roosevelt and to report faithfully yet without offense what he saw there.

HOLLYWOOD LOVE, a serial new and brief by Edward Doherty, also gets under way in the next issue of Liberty. Starting on the "Suicide Bridge" at Pasadena, it traverses all the stations of Hollywood's strange ways. Here is a story taken directly from life—an insight into film life with a meaning beyond the superficial. No more exciting entertainment has been offered in Liberty in a long time. Nor will you want to miss the latest Phyllis Duganne story, called No Shadows, or the new Scott Littleton one, Or Else! or the unsolved mystery of the strange slaying of Nora Fuller, by Fred Allhoff. For the football fans there will also be an announcement concerning Liberty's All-Players All-America annual selection, after four years one of the most important annual features in all football. There will, of course, be all the usual features, and new installments of Passion Before Marriage, by Frederick Collins, and Too Many Wives, by Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr.

☆

GLAD TO SEE that our former Associate Editor, William C. Lengel, has written a novel, Candles in the Wind, which has received some excellent reviews.

☆

Thanks! Hope to see you all right here with us again next Wednesday.

FULTON OURSLER.

Liberty—*for Liberals with Common Sense*

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The names and the descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in Liberty are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any person, living or dead, it is purely a coincidence.

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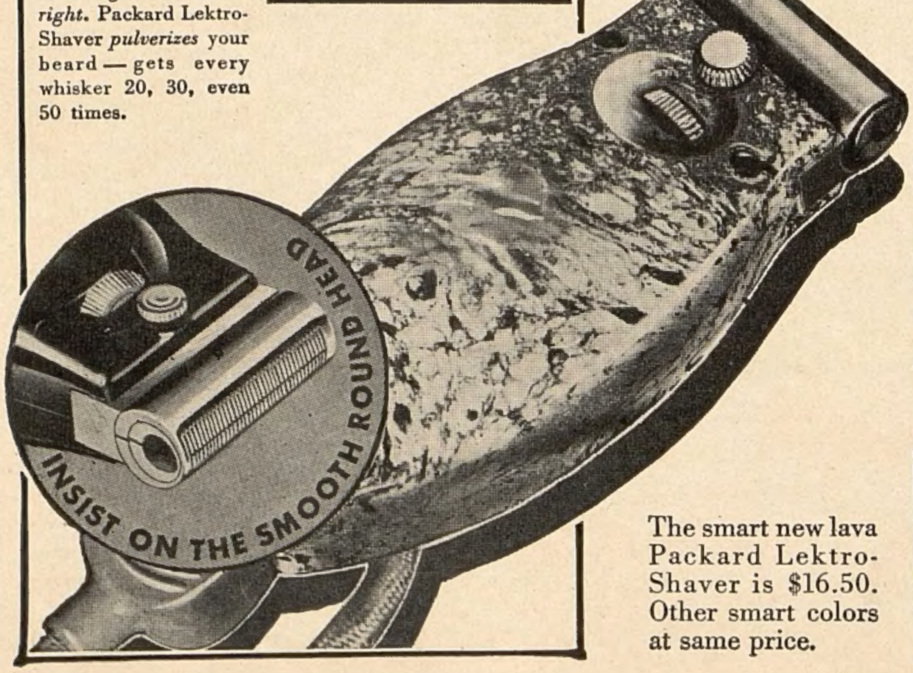

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OUTDOOR GIRL (*below*). Henrietta Donohue says: "Camels appeal to me for the reasons they do to champions. They don't irritate my throat or upset my nerves."

SKIS at mile-a-minute clip. "It takes healthy nerves," Sig Buchmayr (*below*) says. "I discovered long ago that Camels don't upset my nerves."

COW-PUNCHER (*above*). Hardy Murphy says: "Ridin' herd day in and day out from sun-up to sun-down—like I do—wears a man down. And that's one of the many times a Camel sure hits the spot. I get a 'lift' with a Camel."

STENOGRAPHER (*above*). On busy days, Miss Claire Huntington often rushes through lunch. "I smoke Camels 'for digestion's sake.'" she says. "They add cheer to my meals."

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